The Congregational Quarterly

EDITORIAL

WRITING two or three weeks before these words will be read, it is difficult to make adequate comment on the war situation. Part of the blame for that rests, of course, with the Government, who continue to be most niggardly in the information they give to the people. Nevertheless it is possible to give a wholehearted welcome to the Atlantic Charter, on the one hand, and to express sympathy with and admiration for the Russian people, on the other. We do not, however, see any evidence for the wave of optimism which has swept the country, and talk of a speedy end of the war is dangerous folly. As yet the enemy holds the initiative, and until he loses it every effort must be made and no time lost in wishful thinking. The probability is that there is a grim winter before the British people, as for those on the Continent of Europe, and we should steel ourselves for it, and not be led astray by foolish hopes. Our hearts go out to all those in the forefront of the battle—serving men and civilians alike. They deserve the confidence of those leading the nation's affairs, and that means intelligent instruction both about the strategy of the people's war and about the policy which is to follow it.

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WHEN the history of the world in the 20th century comes to be written it may be that the most glorious chapter will be that which tells of the heroic resistance of the Chinese people to the Japanese invader, and that the most remarkable figures will not be those of any Europeans, statesmen or soldiers, but Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek and his wife. In *China Shall Rise Again* (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.) Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, with the help of others, describes the re-birth of a nation. In Part I of the book pitilessly but surely she exposes the weaknesses of the Chinese character, reprinting articles written for home consumption. Part II is headed "The Conduct of the Country in War-time, by Ten Officials in charge of Government Departments". Here the men responsible for China's finances, armies, health, education, communications, and industry present a striking picture of a nation's achievements during years of war: the record is stimulating to read, how much more to those who are sharing in it. Then Madame Chiang Kai-Shek takes up the pen again to describe the New Life Movement and the part that women are playing in the develop-

ment of the new China. Finally there is a painful chapter in which she bitterly upbraids China's fair-weather friends for their failure to help. Had Japan been resisted in 1931, she says in effect, how much suffering not only China, but the world, would have been saved. But instead of resistance to aggression there was appeasement, and worse—for

> Eighty per cent of Japan's war supplies came from America —and 95 per cent of the aviation petrol which was used by Japan in her ruthless and indiscriminate bombing was American.

And so Madame Chiang Kai-Shek concludes, while expressing gratitude to citizens of the democracies who have given sympathy and help:

> If, unhappily for the democracies as well as for China, we were defeated in the end, at least the world ought to know that we were beaten not because of lack of courage—either moral or physical—but because, by the concerted action of the democracies, China was strangled to death by an economic noose fashioned by Japan out of British appeasement, American profiteering, and French fear.

We wish this last chapter, with its courageous but all-too-true indictment, could be reprinted and circulated far and wide in democratic countries. Even still faint voices are heard here and there praising the appeasers. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's words should convince the last of them that it is never right to condone wrong, never right to escape suffering ourselves at the expense of others, and that it is embedded in the inexorable laws of the universe that what men—and nations—sow that they also reap.

* * *

Mr. Clarence K. Streit is indefatigable in presenting the case for Federal Union, and his *Union Now with Britain* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) is an urgent plea for immediate action. In one way the book is a striking contrast to that of an English apostle, Prof. G. E. C. Catlin's *One Anglo-American Nation* (Dakers, 3s. 6d.), which he calls "The Foundation of AngloSaxony as the Basis of World Federation. A Response to Streit". Mr. Streit is in such deadly earnest that we never see the man for his message, but we are never allowed to forget Prof. Catlin, from whose work it looks as if we shall have to accustom ourselves to the horrible words "AngloSaxony and AngloSaxondom", which are in themselves almost enough to kill any proposal. In spite of its intense egotism we hope that readers will not toss the book aside. They will often be irritated as they read such sentences as "I do not of course flatter myself that the British soldiers are fighting for Socialism" (why should Prof. Catlin flatter himself if they are?) or "The lights of heaven are occulted" (*occulted*, ye gods!), but the last chapter,

"The Time Perspective", is extremely sound, with its discussion of the right way of presenting the case for Federation to each possible constituent and its insistence on the importance of Canada.

Mr. Streit argues that the United States and the nations of the British Commonwealth should form "The Union of the Free" now, to assure the victory of the democracies and to save the United States from the onslaught of victorious Dictators in possession of Europe and the British Navy. The League, he again urges, failed because of the existence of national sovereignties, and because the participant States constituted a barrier between the League and the individual citizen. Obvious objections to the system of alliances are mentioned, and the equally obvious advantages of federation stressed. Taking the American constitution as a basis, with the handing over of five spheres—defence, free trade, money, communications, and citizenship—to the Union, Mr. Streit contends that the same action is now both possible and necessary. The Constitution of the Union of the Free is outlined, with a Provisional Constitution to bring it into being. Here Mr. Streit perhaps fails to realize the opposition his scheme will arouse. He is always pointing out how unsatisfactory to Americans is an association where the British Commonwealth would have 6 votes to America's one, but now suggests a Provisional Constitution in which the Commonwealth has 22 votes to America's 27. The basis is population, and the same discrepancy is suggested for the Constitution itself, 47 British Deputies, and 25 from the rest of the Commonwealth, as against 131 from the United States. It is only fair to say, however, that there are 14 Commonwealth Senators to 10 American, and that when Belgium, Denmark, Finland, the Netherlands, France, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland enter the Union, the American Deputies would be in a minority, and the American Senators would still be only 10 out of 42. We suggest that British opposition might be turned if American and non-American representation in the Provisional Constitution were equal. It ought to be said, too, that to deduce from Mr. Churchill's offer of union to France last summer that Britain would accept at once an offer of union from the United States is scarcely sound.

Federal Union is attracting great attention all over the world, and it deserves to do so. It has in Mr. Streit an eloquent and lucid protagonist, and every thinking man should be *au fait* with his suggestions.

In a pamphlet, *Decision* (Oxford Press, 6d.), just published, Mr. Lionel Curtis quotes Lord Lothian as saying:

> This world crisis will go down in history as a conflict between the idea set out by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, and the idea which Streit has proposed in *Union Now*. The essential cause of world wars is national sovereignties. World wars

> will continue to threaten until we begin to merge national sovereignties in one international sovereignty. The only remedy is some such union as Streit proposes. Streit has had the courage to say that the time for men to consider it is Now, and not to-morrow or the day after to-morrow. The greatest thing in this great book is the title, *Union Now*.

Mr. Curtis maintains that the parallel between 1776 and 1941 is not sound (italics ours):

> The U.S.A. is a commonwealth of *provinces*. The project under discussion is a commonwealth of *nations* in the real sense of the term.

It would be well, he thinks, if a more moderate and conservative scheme than Mr. Streit's were tried first, the nations combining for defence, but preserving control of their immigration laws, tariffs, *etc.* American experience needs to be reinforced by Commonwealth experience in South Africa and Australia; indeed the nations of the Commonwealth could give a lead right away by a federation of this limited kind.

* * *

RECENTLY we referred to the fact that in his last months Lord Lothian was inclined to think that the future development of the world would be in the direction of half-a-dozen large groups, in which the smaller nations would in some way be incorporated. Many correspondents have inquired about this, no doubt with the ideas of Britain as "the champion of small nations" and "self-determination" at the back of their minds. An answer can be furnished in words from Col. T. H. Minshall's *What To Do with Germany:*

> The present war has changed our conception of the small State. We still support the right of small nations to cherish and develop in independence their own way of life; but it is becoming realized that the present position of small States, too weak for an active *rôle* in international politics, but enjoying the responsibilities of sovereignty, has been rendered obsolete by modern armaments and *Macht-politik*. Other defences are called for.

Saying that "Economics reinforce the lesson", Col. Minshall quotes *The Times:*

> Europe can no longer afford a multiplicity of economic units, each maintaining its independent economic system behind a barbed wire entanglement of tariffs, quotas, exchange restrictions and barter agreements.

* * *

THE postbag this quarter has been largely occupied with letters about religious education and about the future of the Church.

There has been much activity, in Parliament and out of it,

about the possibility of securing agreement between the Churches on a system of religious teaching which would be acceptable all round and could be used in both provided and non-provided schools. About the desirability of such a scheme we wrote last quarter. It must be confessed that the more we learn the less sanguine we become that a scheme which would be acceptable to the teachers and most Free Churchmen would satisfy sufficient Anglicans to have a fair chance of success. The ideal of education that shall be "national, unsectarian, free" must not be forsaken; and it is regrettably only too true that there are still those on the look-out to seize a sectarian advantage even from negotiations conducted by those of their own Communion with the highest intentions and in the best of spirit.

Meanwhile, Congregationalists are playing by no means an insignificant part in the discussions. We have before us two pertinent papers, privately printed, which, had space permitted, we should have been glad to incorporate in this journal. The Rev. C. Ernest Watson's "Religious Instruction in Public Elementary Schools" was read before Anglicans, and it frankly faces the dilemma just mentioned. Having found that the religious instruction given in Council Schools is "invariably excellent" and equal to that given in any type of elementary school, Mr. Watson urges that "I have fed you with milk not with meat" would be a sound maxim on which to proceed. In other words, he believes that the points on which Christians are not agreed are those which should not emerge at elementary education stage, and therefore distinctive teaching need not have a place in the syllabus. He also recommends that the religious teaching in all schools be voluntary in the full sense of the word.

The Rev. S. Myers's *A Policy for Religious Education,* read to Congregational Ministers at Bath, takes Sunday as well as weekday into its scope, and secondary as well as elementary education. It would serve both as a useful introduction to those unacquainted with the problem and as a basis for study and discussion in Fraternals and other groups. Mr. Myers welcomes the current movements for agreement between the Churches, and makes many detailed suggestions, one of the most important of which is the provision of re-statements of Christian doctrine in a form suitable for teaching to older children.

Readers who desire to see these admirable contributions in full should send stamped envelopes to Mr. Watson at Rodborough Tabernacle and Mr. Myers at Percy Church, Bath.

Meanwhile all interested in the subject should read Dr. F. H. Spencer's *Education for the People* (Routledge, 7s. 6d.). For many years Dr. Spencer was the L.C.C.'s Chief Inspector, and he has accomplished the difficult task of writing a book on education that

is readable, and even racy, though (we seem to have caught the 'r' fever) revision might have removed repetition. In this survey Dr. Spencer outlines both a short term and a long term policy. About the absurdity of frequent changes in the Presidency of the Board, about the size of classes, and many other matters Dr. Spencer lets himself go, but with all his high spirits there is an intense earnestness. The book is a mine of information for all branches of education in the past and at present, and we hope those responsible for the education of the country will accept it as a guide-book for the future. On the religious question Dr. Spencer advises marking time for the present; he considers any Government that attempts either to remove Bible teaching or to introduce doctrinal teaching would meet with immediate and widespread criticism. (Mr. Watson ventures on the interesting estimate that while not one in seven of the population has any church affiliation whatsoever, six-sevenths probably welcome religious instruction in the schools.) For the Churches there are many sentences which should be pondered:

> Moreover, teachers are ceasing to attend churches . . . just like the rest of the population. . . . Not only have many of them ceased to take part in public devotions, but many are no longer Christians in the sense that they could, with unqualified belief, recite even the Apostles' Creed. [Footnote. This attitude is very common indeed among educated men. Their assent ceases at the end of the first sentence.] . . . Today institutional and formal religion is faced with the emptying Church; and it will of itself begin to put itself into order, discard the merely ancient formulas, the ancient crusted shells with which it has enfolded itself like the layers of viscous matter in which the oyster conceals its pearl.

This does not mean that Dr. Spencer does not believe in religious teaching in the schools. He does emphatically, but about the present efforts of "bishops, clergy and others" he utters a warning, for he fears

> they are heading for disaster. They will get no legislation permitting doctrinal teaching in Council schools until they restate in contemporary terms what that doctrine is.

Dr. Spencer notes that many will criticize his proposals on the ground of expense. Here will probably be found one of the "acid tests" after the war: will the country *again* decide to economize on education, saying, "We cannot afford", or will the people recognize that in the children are the country's assets and give them of the best? No more "black-list" schools, but nursery schools, continuation schools, camp schools, ample room for physical training indoors and out of doors, and the best of equipment. After the last war we got into trouble for saying that a country that could afford £7,000,000 a day to blow brains out refused (Continuation

Schools) £7,000,000 a year to put brains in. Will history repeat itself? We hope Lord Reith will include schools in his purview, and that he has an eye on the achievements of the W.P.A. in the United States.

* * *

On the future of the Church the post-bag is not so helpful because only people deeply moved one way or the other take the trouble to write. It is interesting to note that it is invariably the younger men in the ministry and laymen who are most disquieted about the Church and its work. That is a most encouraging sign, and another is the fact that in recent months men in other Christian Churches have been moved to "cry aloud and spare not". Mr. Sidney Dark and Mr. Kenneth Ingram in the Church of England are the latest of them in books reviewed within.

Some editorial and other comments in the religious press forsake the main issue. The subject is too serious for debating points, and we would merely reiterate the conclusions which more and more people are reaching:

1. The Church as we know it has failed. Therefore it must be contrite, penitent and humble.
2. It must therefore be willing to make drastic changes in its methods, and even to sacrifice things that are dear.
3. Only so can it seize the great opportunity the post-war situation will offer.
4. Ultimately the test is whether every individual Christian is showing in these war days that he possesses a secret of life and power "the world" does not know.

Already we begin to see the dangers. After the war there will be so many problems arising about ecclesiastical buildings that, if the Churches are not careful, their best brains will become immersed in them, and fail to make their contribution to the larger issues. It would be well to make a vow that no building should be re-erected or re-built without considering its relation to the whole Christian community in its neighbourhood and how it can best serve its own situation. There is no reason now why every denomination should have a building of its own, and certainly no reason why all churches should be of the same type. We envisage a Lancashire town, say of 10,000 people, with three ecclesiastical buildings for the Protestant Churches instead of 7; one for worship, used at different times on Sundays and weekdays for worship of varying types; one for religious education, adult as well as children's; one, a clubland type, for a Youth Centre. There will be three fabrics to maintain instead of seven; and time and money will thus be available to do the work of the Kingdom of God in the town. What a chance we have! And we should not overlook the

lesson in the Rev. Norman Goodall's words from the South Seas:

> Even in the least developed parts there is seldom any difficulty in obtaining a "hearing" for the preaching of the Word. It is the commendable practice in Papua to defer erecting church buildings until the fellowship is well established.

* * *

In his first Encyclical the present Pope declared that there were

> not a few noble-hearted Christians, separated from our communion, who yet have hunger and thirst enough for justice and peace to make them turn their eyes towards the See of Peter and wait on it for guidance and for light.

It must be confessed that many Christians—perhaps those not "noble-hearted"—deplore that they have looked to the See of Peter in vain; even all the loyalty and enthusiasm Mr. Denis Gwynn displays in *The Vatican and War in Europe* (Burns, 7s. 6d.) cannot remove the impression that the Popes have shown caution (we could use a stronger word) rather than courage. Mr. Gwynn's love for Rome makes him so blind as to believe that

> among all nations the impression has grown increasingly that the Holy See not only symbolises the world's longing for a return to peace but possesses the organisation, and the diplomatic experience and the will to promote reconciliation and to find a way of escape from slaughter and destruction.

Has Mr. Gwynn no idea of the average man's view of Rome's failure to condemn Italy's rape of Abyssinia and all the cruelties there perpetuated? The Roman Church is supposed to believe that there is such a thing as a "just war"; what sign has she given since 1934 of recognition that war against totalitarianism is just? There have been pious, pathetic, plaintive platitudes in abundance, and *clichés* innumerable (in the Encyclical just quoted, *e.g.*, "We left no stone unturned, no avenue unexplored"), but clear, courageous, uncompromising leadership, never. Benedict XV, we read, in 1917, "placed his efforts for peace under the patronage of Our Lady Queen of Peace"! Had the Popes in their devotion to peace summoned all Catholics to lay down arms, they would at least have won the respect of all men, but to proclaim belief in a just war and then to follow a policy such as that Mr. Gwynn outlines, leaves non-Christians contemptuous and Christians disappointed. Here and there a brave Cardinal denounces wrong, but even in the much-lauded five points we do not get far beyond generalizations which hurt nobody. Can the Roman Cardinals and other Catholics in Germany feel that the Vatican has given them sufficient support?

As one reads *The Persecution of the Catholic Church in German-occupied Poland* (Burns, Oates, 2s. 6d.), which reprints the reports presented to the Pope by Cardinal Hlond, Primate of

Poland, and other evidence, we marvel all the more at the Pope's attitude. Here we have authenticated accounts of horrible brutalities to priests and others—the book is not for those with weak stomachs:

> There is not a single diocese in German-occupied Poland where priests have not been murdered without trial or evidence. . . . It goes without saying that the Nazi aim is to dechristianize as rapidly as possible these countries which are attached to the Catholic faith, and the results are as follows: 95 per cent of the priests have been imprisoned, expelled, or humiliated before the eyes of the faithful. . . .

And yet the Pope allows one of the faithful, his devoted son Franco, to raise a force to send on crusade to aid the murderers of thousands of Polish Catholics. We wonder what faithful members of the Roman Church dwelling in the British Commonwealth and the United States think as they read these terrible reports. Cardinal Hinsley writes a Foreword, and denounces the Nazis. But why does not the Pope summon all the faithful in Germany, the occupied countries, and throughout the world, to unite in every way to beat down the tyranny described by Cardinal Hlond thus?

> Never yet in the course of its thousand years' existence has the Catholic Church in Poland suffered such persecutions and torments as at present under German occupation.

A suggestive reference to another aspect of the attitude of the Roman Church appears in Mr. H. G. Wells's *Guide to the New World,* which speaks of

> the *rôle* of the Catholic Church in burking discussion and critical thought. Where it is in power it prohibits and destroys books; when it is not actually able to do that it intimidates and boycotts. Its boycott is highly organized, persistent and unscrupulous.

Some of Mr. Wells's syndicated articles were not printed because "the *entrepreneur* who had rashly committed himself to circulate whatever I saw fit to say" feared the power of the Roman Church.

* * *

THOUGH the statement is often repeated at oecumenical conferences, we always wonder what is meant by saying the Church is a divine institution. Dr. William Paton in his timely book, *The Church and the World Order,* declares of the Church:

> It is a society unlike all others upon earth, in that its constitutional power lies not in the common consent of its members but in a divine act.

This sounds as if God said "Let there be a church" as He said "Let there be light", and the Church resulted. If all that is meant is that God is the common source, and that the Church is His method by which the Gospel should be spread, of course we agree; but if

that be the case in what sense is the Church different from, say, the family, divinely ordained for specific purposes? Again, Dr. Paton says:

> Men who were Christians knew themselves to be a part of a fellowship which they had not by their consent created, and which did not depend for its life upon the clarity of their thought or the fidelity of their allegiance.

Again this baffles us. How can there be a Church unless it be composed of those who have willingly responded to God's call and been led by Him to join themselves in fellowship? Who are members of the Church if not Christian men and women? Does the Holy Trinity comprise the Church? And if members of the Church have neither clarity of thought nor faithful allegiance, what becomes of the Church? With no desire to minimize the Divine initiative, we must insist that God works through men, and that without their co-operation, without their assent to His call, the Church cannot be.

* * *

It is significantly and unhappily true that few Free Churchmen outside the Quaker fold knew one of the greatest of contemporary Quakers, A. Neave Brayshaw, who died last year. Why there is so little intercourse between Friends and the rest of Free Churchmen we cannot fathom, but the fact is to be deplored, for both would benefit by regular association and increased knowledge of each other. The fault for the lack of mutual acquaintance is on both sides, and steps should be taken to remedy it. Certainly all Christian men would have been enriched by friendship with Neave Brayshaw, who when he died at the age of 78 had given a life to the service of Quaker youth—he was in many ways a "Mr. Chips" in real life. He taught for a time at Bootham, and from 1895 he regularly took trips of Quaker boys to Normandy, until he became almost a legendary figure in the Quaker world.

Nobody did more than Neave Brayshaw to keep before Friends their fundamental principles. Not merely by his books, *The Personality of George Fox* and *The Quakers: their Story and their Message,* was this done, but by continual insistence on the primary ideas of Quaker faith. "Mind that which is pure in you to guide you to God", he said countless times, and often on his lips were such challenges as this:

> I want us to hold ourselves in readiness for the wind of God to take us with our willing co-operation wherever He would have us go, ourselves keenly alive to spread our sail.

He was thus greatly concerned about Quaker ministry, and disturbed that so many Friends, young and old, should deem silence its essential feature, and be so loth to speak when they had a real

contribution to make. He once remarked that for years he prepared in outline two addresses every week, never knowing that they would be delivered, but thus assuring himself that if he felt guided to speak in meeting he would have given his mind to the preparation of his message.

One of the things for which he will be remembered is his love of cricket, another his lectures on biblical criticism. How he loved to make a discovery in the daily press which he could use in showing how easily mistakes in text could arise—the advertisement "Sausages our own moke", the school children singing on Empire Day "Raise the flagon high", or the newspaper paragraph, "*Mrs* and Jupiter have been keeping company during the last few days in the evening sky, but they are now moving apart". A favourite opening gambit for his talks on the Bible was to write on a blackboard familiar words, and endeavour to ascertain from the class which variant was original.

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so —?" "gay" or "grey"? Or

> At even when the sun was set,
> At even ere the sun did set,
> At even ere the sun was set,
> At even when the sun did set.

Readers of these pages will learn more of this remarkable teacher and friend if they read the Memoir and Selected Writings now obtainable from the Friends' Book Centre, *A. Neave Brayshaw* (2s. 6d.). It is a matter of regret that by an unpardonable sin of omission we failed to write a promised appreciation of Neave Brayshaw for *The Friend* before leaving the country at the beginning of 1940. It was for the pigeon-hole to be used in case of necessity; but we had known Neave Brayshaw for many years, and he had never seemed to change; why then should one anticipate that an obituary would be needed? So it happened that we were 3,000 miles away when Brayshaw died, with the tribute we should have prepared for his own people unwritten. This paragraph is not a substitute, but we trust it may serve to draw the attention of Free Churchmen to the loss resulting from lack of closer association with Friends. There is not another Neave Brayshaw, but there are many Friends from whose experience all could profit.

* * *

Our readers like to test their knowledge. Let them fix a date to this quotation:

> Brethren, that which is built on selfishness cannot stand. The system of personal interest must be shattered into atoms. Therefore we who have observed the ways of God in the past are waiting in quiet but awful expectation until He shall confound this system as He has confounded those which have

> gone before. And it may be effected by convulsions more terrible and bloody than the world has yet seen. While men are talking of peace, and of the great progress of civilization, there is heard in the distance the noise of gathering armies, gathering rank on rank; East and West, North and South, are rolling towards us the crashing thunders of universal war.

The author is F. W. Robertson, who died in 1853.

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One of the main purposes of the *Congregational Quarterly* is to further the cause of international Congregationalism. Already in these pages, in articles by Dr. Douglas Horton and others, the desire has been expressed to include in the International Congregational Council Christians on the continent of Europe whose churches are organized on Congregational lines. This adds interest to words written by R. W. Dale, the first President of the Council in the Introduction to its first Report. He said:

> To myself the most impressive event in the proceedings of the Council was the appearance of Dr. Waldenström, the representative of the Congregational churches of Sweden, at the Memorial Hall reception on the evening of Monday, July 13. It was a wonderful story that he had to tell; it was a unique story; nothing like it, as far as I know, was ever heard in any meeting of Congregationalists before. Four or five years ago an American Congregational minister was informed by some Scandinavian settlers in his neighbourhood that in their own country there were churches of the same faith and polity as his own. A little later an American minister was sent to England to discover what was known in this country about Scandinavian Congregationalism. He went to an eminent Congregationalist in London, but the eminent Congregationalist in London knew nothing of the Congregationalists on the other side of the German Ocean. He went to the Memorial Hall, but the Memorial Hall knew nothing. At last he crossed to Stockholm, and then he learnt the surprising story which was told in substance at the Memorial Hall by Dr. Waldenström. Within about thirty years, as the result of a great religious movement originating in the Lutheran Church, more than 700 Congregational churches have been formed in Sweden, with a membership of 100,000. They have established a theological seminary, with four professors and forty students. They have sent five missionaries to Lapland, ten to Russia, two to Persia, four to North Africa, twenty-four to the Congo, and five to China. They also employ a considerable number of travelling evangelists in Sweden itself. The movement has extended into Norway. They learnt their Congregational principles from the New Testament and from the instincts and impulses of their spiritual life. I venture to think that it is the duty of English Congregationalists to maintain with these Scandinavian churches the most intimate fraternal

relations; we may be able, perhaps, to render them some service, but the benefit will not be wholly on their side.

What has happened to these 700 churches in Sweden since 1891? Why have we lost fellowship? Is there any way in which it could be resumed, or is there some reason why these churches do not desire to be associated with us? Perhaps Prof. Nels Ferré could furnish the answers to these questions, for we fear it must be confessed that in the Memorial Hall ignorance is as complete in 1941 as it was fifty years ago.

* * *

One of the best things that has come our way this quarter is Mr. R. L. Hine's appreciation, in the current *Friends' Quarterly Examiner,* of Thomas Bates Blow, the eccentric Quaker bee-keeper. Blow used to go to Hexton to hear the notorious radical Vicar, the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, who was in frequent trouble with his bishop; one Sunday the Vicar preached on the exceeding difficulty of rich men entering the Kingdom of Heaven, and concluded:

> And now, brethren, I have shown how hard it is for rich men and worldly men to enter the Kingdom, but there is one class for whom it is altogether impossible to attain that blessed reward. I refer of course to the Bishops.

* * *

In an article "Bombed at Sea" in the July *World Dominion* the Assistant Bishop Designate of Rangoon, who is evidently deeply evangelical, adds to the confusion into which recent pronouncements on prayer have thrown many Christians. After being rescued, he says:

> I was talking to the Norwegian captain of our rescue ship and asked why he selected our particular boat; had he noticed that we were more crowded, or in any special need? "No", he said, "you were lucky". I said, "No, Captain, it was God who directed you", and when I told him of my prayer he said, "Yes, Pastor, it must have been so".

We cannot help wondering what the captain—and what the people in the other boats—really thought not only of God's representative, but of the God who apparently selects in the way suggested those He saves and those He leaves to drown.

* * *

From Mark Twain:

> I don't like Tillman. His second cousin killed an editor, three years ago, without giving that editor a chance to defend himself. I recognize that it is almost always wise, and is often in a manner *necessary,* to kill an editor, but I think that when a man is a United States Senator he ought to require his second cousin to refrain as long as he can, and then do it in a handsome way, running some personal risk himself. I have not

known Tillman to do many things that were greatly to his credit, during his political life, but I am glad of the position which he has taken this time.

* * *

In these days of paper shortage we commend to contributors "The Editor's Song", the authorship of which is wrapped in mystery:

If you have a tale to tell,
Boil it down!
Write it out and write it well,
Being careful how you spell;
Send the kernel, keep the shell;
Boil it down! Boil it down!
If you want the world to know,
Boil it down!
If you have good cause to crow;
If you'd tell how churches grow,
Whence you came or where you go,
Boil it down! Boil it down!
Then, when all the job is done,
Boil it down!
If you want to share our fun,
Know just how a paper's run,
Day by day from sun to sun,
Boil it down! Boil it down!
When there's not a word to spare,
Boil it down!
Heave a sigh and lift a prayer,
Stamp your foot and tear your hair,
Then begin again with care—
Boil it down! Boil it down!
When all done, you send it in,
Boil it down!
Where you end, there we begin;
This is our besetting sin;
With a scowl or with a grin,
We'll boil it down, boil it down.

* * *

The Index for 1941 is ready, and copies may be obtained from the publishers.

September 6th.

REPENTANCE.

By William E. Wilson, B.D.

We hear much to-day of the call to repentance—and rightly. It lies at the basis of all attempts at reconstruction. But are we clear what repentance means? When preachers tell their congregations that they must repent of our national sins of drunkenness, gambling, and desecration of the Sabbath, it looks as if some were not. And there are at least two good grounds for that judgment. Christian congregations are not in general guilty of the sins mentioned, and we cannot repent of the sins of others. And those sins, serious as they are, have little direct connexion with the present world disasters. If repentance is to begin with the Church, Christians must see their own sin. If it is to be relevant to the life of the world to-day, we must see the causal connexion between our sin and the world's chaos and suffering.

The following review of some important Gospel teaching is submitted as a contribution to the answer to both demands.

I. According to *Mark* our Lord began His Galilean Ministry with a fourfold proclamation:

> The Opportunity is complete;
> The Kingdom of God is already here;
> Change your minds;
> Believe in the Good News.

It is the third item of this proclamation that I want to discuss, though the other three items will all call for comment.

I have translated advisedly "Change your minds", for that is what *metanoeite* means. We are bound generally to use our English word "repent", for it is fixed in our language by long habit, but neither by derivation nor in common usage does it fully convey the idea of *metanoeite*. The word "repent" is connected with the Latin *poena,* "compensation", "punishment". It is derived from St. Jerome's Vulgate rendering of *metanoeite* by *poenitentiam agite,* literally "do penance", and in common usage almost always conveys more the idea of sorrow for sin than of turning from it, even though the Christian Church does emphasize the turning. I am convinced that this mis-rendering of the word has ministered to a widespread failure to grasp some elements in our Lord's teaching. But before entering upon that I must meet an objection sometimes raised: "Why", it is asked, "make a fuss about the exact meaning of the Greek word used by *Mark*? Jesus did not speak Greek, but Aramaic". True, but the Greek is all we have to go by.

The Aramaic original is a matter of scholarly and intelligent guesswork. Even if it could be proved that *metanoeite* is an inadequate representation of the Aramaic, that would go no distance in justifying the Latin and English mistranslations, unless it could be shown that they came nearer to the presumed Aramaic original. But they do not. For the most usual suggestion is that the Aramaic word was the exact equivalent of the Hebrew *shub*, "turn". This word does not literally mean "change your mind". It always implies turn away from sin and turn to God. But as to turn from sin and turn to God is definitely a change of mind, we are abundantly justified in taking *metanoeite* as conveying the general sense of our Lord's meaning.

II. But we can go further. A review of His teaching and of His recorded attitude to different classes of people shows that the change of mind He required had very definitely an *intellectual* content. Briefly to run over some of His most familiar teaching will make this clear:

Genuine acceptance of the Beatitudes involves a deep-going change in values.

In the contrasts between the requirements of the old law and His demands there is an intellectual deepening, for sin is recognized in thought as well as in act.

His estimate of the place and value of the "Religious Practices"—prayer, almsgiving, and fasting—is different from that of His day. An alteration in thought.

We still find "Lay not up treasure" a hard saying, and are far from that complete trust in God which He enjoined.

The saying, "Why of your own selves judge ye not what is right?" suggests how essential our Lord judged the intellectual element in morality to be.

These instances are enough to show how throughout the teaching of Jesus a change of mind *in an intellectual sense* is implied. It might almost be called the recurrent refrain in the Gospels. And even more the demand for it is seen in His attitude to people. Nothing astonished the religious leaders more than the way He associated with sinners and appeared to enjoy their company. And His denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees is even to-day a stumbling block to many[1].

All these instances, to which many more might be added, point in one direction: Jesus was not only concerned that men should give up doing what they knew to be wrong, and begin doing what they knew to be right—the meaning which we generally give to repentance. He lays even more emphasis on the revision of standards of conduct. He insists that men must re-think their lives. The intellectual side of *metanoia* is very important.

[1] See for example Dr. R. Travers Herford's two books on the Pharisees.

Whatever then be the exact meaning of the Aramaic word which Jesus used, it is certain from many passages in the Gospels that the repentance which He demanded had such a large intellectual content that *metanoia* in Greek and *change of mind* in English properly represent it. Jesus called men not only to change their action, but to change their thoughts. Not merely must old standards be more faithfully followed, He is even more insistent that new standards must be accepted.

III. Three of these new standards are particularly revolutionary. They concern power, riches, and the necessaries of life. Together therefore they have to do with the whole of our social life. They have never been irrelevant, but their relevancy is peculiarly clear to-day. The chief words about each are familiar:

(1) Power. "They that are accounted to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it is not so among you."

(2) Riches. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the thing which he possesseth."

(3) The necessaries of life. "Be not anxious, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink or wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Here the three outstanding temptations of the modern man are repudiated as unfitting for the follower of Christ. But it is to be noted that the modern man seldom regards them as temptations. To him they are highly desirable aspirations or quite necessary preoccupations.

(1) Pursuit of power over others, of distinction from them, and of authority over them are condemned. This is the sin of pride, *superbia*. In its more extreme form this develops into *Hybris*, that insolent self-assertion which the Greeks recognized as self-destructive. The Church has rightly regarded pride as the first and greatest of the deadly sins in the individual. It is actually more than that; in the shape of self-assertion against God it is the source and essence of all sin. But group pride, national pride, and in general the large scale manifestations of pride, perhaps because they involve a certain subordination of the individual which looks like humility, have not been so strongly condemned. Yet it is these collective forms of pride in nationalism, imperialism, racialism, and big business which have brought upon the world its present misery. Individual human pride is not eliminated nor even neutralized by submission to a larger social whole. Rather its power for evil is increased. There is no cure for pride but submission to God.

(2) The second standard condemns greed. Greed is not merely

desire for things, experiences, and relationships. These are the material upon which life is built. The desire for them is natural and right. They are to be desired that they may be used by being wrought into the fabric of life. But what any life can work into its fabric is strictly limited. That limited amount of things, experiences, and relationships is all that is properly speaking desirable. Anything beyond that makes not for the development of life but for its hindrance. Greed begins where the element of desire grows beyond the capacity for use. The Greeks called it *pleonexia*, the demand for more. That is what it is. This demand for more always arises from one of two causes. It is sought to make the future secure, *i.e.*, its basis is fear. Or it is sought in order to gain power, *i.e.*, its basis is pride. It would be difficult to over-estimate the extent to which at the present day greed founded upon either fear or pride, or upon a mixture of the two, vitiates our private, social, national, and international life. Exaggerated competition and ruthlessness in business not only greatly intensify our social problems; along with the more obvious pride of imperialism and recialism they are responsible for the present war. The early Church was alive to the danger of greed. The medieval Church devised means, not always very effective, for its limitation. But for some generations Christians have been strangely blind both to its existence and to the evils it was causing. Are we fully awake to it yet?

(3) What of the third standard? The words "Lay not up", and "Be not anxious", have sometimes been taken to mean that Jesus condemned the desire for actual necessaries. And this exaggerated view of His meaning has made many regard this teaching as impossible and even false. The "Take no thought" of the *A.V.* is no doubt partly responsible for this attitude, but it does not represent in Modern English the real meaning of the Greek. Not desire, nor effort, nor even planning ahead are condemned. Everyone knows that all these are necessary. And especially are they necessary for those employed in agriculture, the occupation of many of the hearers of Jesus. What is condemned is worry, that uneasy restless attitude to life which arises out of fear. God knows that we need all manner of things. Well, then, do not fear; as we seek to do His will they will be provided. The sin is fear, and its only cure is that trust in God which Jesus calls seeking His Kingdom. Many to-day call it surrender to God. It is letting Him guide and rule us.

Pride, greed, and fear were condemned by Jesus. But they were not recognized as sins by the people of His day. Nor are they yet. He came to change men's minds, and as regards these three attitudes of mind the process of change has barely begun.

The strongest count in the indictment of pride, greed, and fear

has yet to be stated. They were the sins that brought Jesus to the Cross. Let us again look at His great proclamation. Its first item was "The opportunity is complete". Taken in the context of His teaching in general, the words suggest that, given an adequate response from the Jewish people, a world-wide turning to God might then have begun. The opportunity was complete, and that in two ways: (a) After a thousand years of Divine education one small nation, the Jews, had become wholehearted believers in one good God and in righteousness. And the standard of righteousness to which they held only just fell short of that which Jesus preached; in fact in some passages of the prophets and in some of the Psalms there were reachings out after the very elements in which He went beyond what they had accepted. They were therefore fitted to become, under His leadership, the messengers of the Living God to the whole world. (b) And the world was ready for the message, as it had never been ready before. The Roman Empire united almost all the world then known. It was not perfect, but it upheld a degree of justice and toleration such as few empires have achieved. The Greek language and Greek thinking had penetrated everywhere. The former made contacts easy, the latter contained much that was a preparation for the Gospel. All was complete except the adequate response from the Jewish people, and that ought to have been complete. But the Jewish leaders rejected Jesus precisely because the change of mind He demanded involved the acceptance of new standards and the casting aside of old prejudices. The Pharisees ought to have been ready for this change of mind. Their basic convictions required it. They knew that God was one and righteous. They knew He was the creator and upholder of all things. Yet they regarded themselves as His special favourites. They supposed that the God of all the earth had confined His interest to Israel; others could only share in that interest as they became proselytes to Judaism. Thus their view of the Kingdom of God was vitiated. God was to be King of Israel. Israel was to govern the world; and the particular stage of religious and moral development which they had reached was to be stereotyped as final. It was an impossible position. It was pride. Pride of race, pride of privilege, and pride of attainment.

Because Jesus in criticizing their traditions, and even in suggesting that some of the enactments of their law were imperfect or of merely temporary importance, came into collision with their pride, He had to be got out of the way. Pride—and let it be noted, pride as fully justified as pride can be, for the Pharisees had the truest beliefs and the highest morality the world had then seen—pride was the first sin that led Jesus to Calvary.

The priests and Sadducees were religious politicians and time-servers. They made the best of both worlds by supporting the

Roman government, holding the emoluments of religious institutions, and exploiting the religious zeal of the people. They had riches, place, and power, and intended to keep them. It appears to have been our Lord's clearing the Temple Court of buyers and sellers that made them His enemies. It was an attack on their perquisites. Pride and greed—perhaps chiefly greed—worked through them to send Him to the Cross.

What of Pilate? According to the Gospels Pilate did not want to condemn Jesus. He wished to be just, provided justice could be done without danger to himself. But there was danger to himself, and that defeated his desire for justice. Fear was his sin. It led him to the greatest injustice of all time.

If the Cross of Christ is the supreme condemnation of man's sin, as well as the supreme manifestation of God's redeeming and forgiving love, as the Christian Church has always maintained, then in view of these facts the sins which it especially condemns are not those which are still popularly regarded as the worst, the sins which lead to the police court and the jail; rather they are the sins of the respectable and religious people, the sins of pride, greed, and fear. It is they that bring on the world exploitation, tyranny, and war. They are the sources of what a now famous *Times* leader calls "The twin scourges of war and unemployment". Our repentance, our change of mind, must therefore be most deeply concerned with them. On the Cross Jesus Christ directly bore the sins of the world that bring upon it widespread disaster and suffering, and of those sins many Christian people are guilty, to whom vice and the sins of the disreputable are not even a temptation. We are really "miserable sinners" who need forgiveness and cleansing, for pride, greed, and fear have gripped us.

IV. But the most important element in our change of mind is still to state. The first proclamation of Jesus does not mention sins. The reason for repentance is not given in moral terms, but as the possibility of a new relationship: "The Kingdom of God is here"; "believe in the good news". Here, at once, without waiting for any outward happening, God can and will rule in men's lives, if they will let Him. This is the centre of all. It involves a great change of mind in two ways: (1) It requires new conceptions of what the Kingdom is and of how it is to come. The Jewish Empire, which was the popular idea of the Kingdom of God, certainly had not come. But Jesus said "The Kingdom of God has come". It was present in Himself. He completely obeyed God, perfectly trusted Him, was utterly surrendered to Him. Therefore to follow Him, to trust in God, was to enter the Kingdom. This is a new idea of the Kingdom. The Jewish idea of it was that it was indeed greater and better than any human empire, but because

it was to be founded on coercive power and maintained by obedience to external law, it was essentially similar in character. An obedience to God of the same general nature as the obedience of loyal citizens to the State would suffice. Change of circumstances and the exercise of outward power could, so it was thought, bring this about. Hence the Apocalypses are full of the destruction of evil-doers, and in popular thought the elements of conquest by slaughter were probably even more strongly emphasized. But if the Kingdom was already here, all that expectation must be one huge mistake. The change of mind required was so great—a charge, be it noted, in intellectual conceptions—that few, if any, of the Apostolic band ever completely rid themselves of the old conceptions, and they have never quite faded out of Christian thinking.

(2) The second change of mind went deeper, and because it went deeper, it actually began to take place and has gone on taking place, even in those who think they believe in the Kingdom established by outward power. It was, and is, the acceptance of God's rule as a present reality. The change on man's side is trust in God and surrender. The new thing from God's side—newly experienced by man, but always available from God—is grace, which means God's love working in sinners, and it manifests itself in inner power and guidance. Thereby lives are transformed, albeit no man's reception of this grace is as complete as it might be. God's rule is not outward regulation, but inner control. If completely accepted it would finally exclude all pride, greed, and fear and make life a new creation. Even its partial acceptance, as we know from experience, can transform character. Essentially surrender to God is the negation of pride. For seeing that all sin is assertion of the self against God, it is at bottom pride. Fear, too, goes in proporton to the degree of surrender, for fear is distrust of God. And with pride and fear goes greed, for it is made by them. This deepest of all changes of mind is not so much a single act as a continuous, persistent, and often repeated experience. Not one conversion but many conversions are needed for most of us. The Kingdom of God is a personal relationship. It is a thing of life. It can only continue to exist in us as it grows. And it cannot begin in us without affecting other people and our environment.

Up to this point our attention has been chiefly fixed on the intellectual element in the change of mind which Jesus demanded. This was necessary because that element has received insufficient attention, and in consequence our grasp of the meaning of sin has been inadequate. But when the intellectual element has been given due weight it is no less necessary to emphasize the fact that emotion and will also have their place in this change of mind. In fact, their place is greater than that of the intellect. For apart from the love

of God, seen in Christ and most definitely in His death, even the will to repentance is lacking. "Will" in this context means the set of the whole personality towards God, and this only takes place effectively as God's love to us arouses responsive love to Him and the faith which is committal of life to obedience. God's love can burn up our selfishness and pride. But our heart may work against our head if we fail to gain the intellectual conviction that pride needs to be burnt up. Confusion of thought and mistaken moral standards have repeatedly prevented a genuine love of God, and a determined will to serve Him having their proper results in good. Good will without understanding is not enough. For God must rule the whole life. I venture to think that in this country at any rate it is the intellectual element in change of mind that tends to be overlooked.

V. Now for the application to our time. Again the opportunity is complete. Some factors suggest that it is more complete than in the time of Christ. The Christian faith has been proclaimed in every part of the world, and in every country there are many genuine followers of Christ. The whole world is now one society. No longer can separate and independent civilizations exist apart. All have been thrown together, and are joined for good or ill. The stage is set for a great step forward towards the Kingdom of God on earth. But other factors suggest that we are moving rather towards the kingdom of Hell. War is everywhere, and war on a scale never dreamed of before. Pride, greed, and fear seem to rule. Is the opportunity complete? Is it not rather non-existent? I believe a steady inspection of even these adverse facts will lead to the conclusion that the opportunity is, if not yet complete, capable of becoming so.

For pride, greed, and fear have not now first come into existence. They were there all the time. What has happened is that now they are seen in all their naked horror. We had been used to a state of things in which, both in international affairs and in commerce, pride, greed, and fear were in control, because selfishness was the leading motive force, but their power was somewhat curtailed by the great Christian tradition genuinely if only partially accepted. This was a restraining force which prevented pride and greed producing to the full their natural results. This balance of forces made a world which for many people was tolerable. That tolerable world has gone to pieces. It has gone to pieces because Christianity was everywhere regarded rather as a brake than as the motive power. It was allowed the negative function of mitigating evil, not the positive function of creating good. Its hold on Europe grew steadily less, and now in many parts it has gone down before pride and greed. It only needed one great nation, as a

nation, to repudiate the restraints of Christianity to bring all this to a climax. Pride, which means self-worship, was present in all States. But it was veiled pride which still accepted some restraints. The Totalitarian States have flung the veil and the restraints aside, and let pride have its perfect work, by setting up the State as a god. This is a result to which individual pride but seldom attains, and then its end is the lunatic asylum. But the State as god is Antichrist. Nazi Totalitarianism because of its systematic efficiency is a more complete representative of the principle of Antichrist than has ever been seen before. Therefore its very existence tends to awaken men to the evil of pride, which when covered with a cloak of decency was in part hidden. The function of the ponderous, pedantic, systematic, logical, and almost humourless German mind has often been to reveal to possibly shallower, but more open-minded thinkers, the fallacies which lie hidden in generally accepted ideas. It has done this by carrying them to their logical conclusion. It is doing it now for pride on the greatest scale. And the world is aghast. If this is, as it is, the logical outcome of pride, then pride is the negation of all that makes the life of human society possible. Pride is diabolic. It is not merely injurious in excess. It is the root of all evil. Milton with wonderful insight portrayed Satan as the embodiment of pride. The weakness of *Paradise Lost* is that his portrayal of the Almighty is also deeply tinged with pride. But Jesus Christ, the revealer of God, is the example of humility, though even the Christian Church itself has often failed to realize this, and in consequence has scarcely ever grasped some elements in its great message.

The opportunity is therefore now complete, on this side in a very different, yet perhaps almost as important, way as at the coming of Christ. Then the good was seen in its blazing purity. Now the evil is manifest in naked horror. Because there is that of God in all men Christ has had and always will have an immense power of attraction. Because in all there is also sin, that is pride and selfishness, that power of attraction has only seldom been able to exercise its maximum effect in conversion and new life. But because there is that of God in men a reaction against evil is bound to come when it stands naked, stripped of its coverings of decency, good form, and usefulness. And we need not suppose that this reaction will only come amongst those who suffer from Nazi aggression. Questioning must be already rising in many German minds which may develop into the conviction, already growing amongst us in this country, that Jesus was right about the true basis of human life, and that to a far fuller and more complete degree than even His Church has recognized. If this should happen, if in Germany there should begin a deep-going turning to Christ, the very qualities of the German mind that have done so

much to intensify evil will be just as capable of working towards good. Logic and system working on the lie which is pride of course lead to destruction. The same logic and system working on the truth as it is in Jesus would surely help to start mankind on the genuine road to the Kingdom of God on earth. The opportunity is again complete. The preparation has been made, and even the blatant evils of the present day are part of that preparation. Man ought to have responded to the good in Christ. But he thought he knew better and compromised with evil. The compromise has exploded, and naked evil has come out of it. But naked evil cannot long be admired. The apocalypse of evil is in itself a demonstration of good. God cannot lose in the fight. In the end the temporary triumph of evil will drive men to Himself. The call to the Christian Church is then "Change your mind". Its message to the world is "Change your mind". And the content of that change of mind is not in the first place new systems and new institutions. They are not it, but will follow it. The change is negatively to cast out pride, greed, and fear, and positively to trust wholly in God as revealed in Jesus. And the positive and negative sides of this change cannot be separated. We cannot cast out pride, greed, and fear without surrender to God, for the power comes from Him. We cannot genuinely turn to Him unless we desire to cast out from our lives all that is against Him.

For a long time we could not tell why the Rev. Douglas Stewart's earnest and timely booklet, *Personal Religion and the Future of Europe* (S.C.M., 2s. 6d.), constantly irritated; then we stopped at a paragraph—"*obviously* . . . *obviously* . . . *every* reason . . . *the very* citadel . . . *extremely* difficult", and we knew the answer. Mr. Stewart's fervour and confidence, which lead him to these frequent superlatives, are fine qualities, and his book is worth reading.

We regret that we must confess that we found the late Dr. Oswald B. Milligan's "Warrack Lectures", *The Ministry of Worship* (Oxford Press, 5s.), trite and uninspiring. Leaning strongly to the conventional and conservative, Dr. Milligan rarely departs from well-used paths, and thus he leads the reader to no new vistas of truth. In pointing out, however, the strange fact that Christian parents rarely explain to their children what their baptism was supposed to mean, Dr. Milligan makes a point which should not be overlooked. We note that he attributes to "English Independency" the movement against the use of the Lord's Prayer in worship, though in the same breath he calls this movement "a legacy of the Puritan spirit", as if "Independent" and "Puritan" were identical. It would, we believe, be possible to find many protests against the too frequent use of the Lord's Prayer in one service before the emergence of Independency; the Presbyterian Puritans believed this savoured of the much repetition there was the best of authority for avoiding.

THE VERY FREE CHURCHES.

By the Rev. D. W. Langridge, M.A.

Unless we are careful we may die of freedom, for we are already ailing through a gross surfeit of that luxury. It is high time that we candidly took stock and bravely faced the situation. The churches as we know and love them may last our time but scarcely our grandchildren's. To suppose that we alone shall pass through this present world-revolution and go on as we were is simply to deceive ourselves. The ostrich is an exalted bird but a stultifying exemplar, and, for all its official popularity, "hush, hush" is a sorry slogan. If we really cannot face up to our present situation that in the end will mean the end. Let the churches show themselves as splendid as the nation, hear all the facts, burke no single issue, and find the solution.

Let us attempt a rough diagnosis. Great, in the first place, are our assets; impressive our resources. We have plenty of individual conviction; a wealth of noble personalities, a trusted junta of adequate leadership, here and there inspired ministries, sound material in training, abundance of sacrificial giving, exhilarating traditions, loyalty, and devotion. What we lack is corporate conviction, common purpose, spiritual unity. We are held together primarily by negations, by repudiations, and by dissents. We are nourished rather by traditions than by convictions, an exiguous diet capable of producing nothing more impressive than spiritual valetudinarians. Who among us has a clear, definite, detailed, precious philosophy of life, grounded upon solid and clear-cut intellectual foundations as distinct from a limitless but vague and unstable good-will? If two of us happen to agree even upon fundamentals, it is a rare and curious accident.

To call such a fortuitous congeries of spiritual individualists a denomination amounts almost to an imposture. We glory and rightly glory in the liberty of prophesying, but when everyone takes the liberty of prophesying something different and often contradictory, there is likely to be little strength and no future.

Let us confine ourselves to what have always been acknowledged as fundamentals and see how we stand. Ask any of our ministers or laymen to state precisely what he understands by and what he values in the two great sacraments of the Christian faith. Baptism has dwindled to little more than a quaint and picturesque survival; a dedication, a welcome, and an intercession on behalf of the precious little newcomer. Attendances at the Lord's Supper are scanty, from a third to a tenth of the total membership. There

is often an atmosphere and an intimacy which refreshes and inspires the minority. But what are we really doing, wherein lies the significance of the holy rite? Is it a memorial service, a eucharist, a mass, or merely a mysterious but unvalued survival? Is the Lord present more fully than at any other service? I suppose that almost every man would answer these questions differently. We have no agreed theory, no common understanding, no definite interpretation. Even right at the centre there is disconcerting diversity of surmise.

What is the Bible? Some venerate it as the inspired word of God, sacrosanct and infallible. Others patronize it as a collection of ancient guesses and opinions, a thousand years in the writing, interesting, instructive in places, here and there even sublime, but in no sense binding upon us or coercive of our loyal acceptance. Between these extremes there are many shades of opinion. Some would not alter a comma; others would and do delete a whole book. Two basic doctrines stand, profound, awful, and majestic, at the very centre of our holy religion, the dogma of the Incarnation and the doctrine of the Atonement. As a denomination what is our official attitude, or, short of that, our common and agreed interpretation of these venerable and fundamental beliefs? This inquiry would, of course, be scouted as savouring of credal interference; but, could it be pressed, an astonishing range and diversity of individual predilection would be revealed. In awe and adoration some confess the unique deity of Christ, Very God of Very God. Others are unitarians. About the significance of the Cross, as about the interpretation of the Cradle, a like freedom of individual nostrum luxuriates. Here and there the classic doctrine of the Atonement is yet proclaimed; elsewhere we learn that on Calvary the noblest example of self-sacrifice was given, and, as in every other instance of selfless love and in the same sense, a revelation of the character of God was made. And when we come to what is called eschatology, instruction about the last things, heaven, hell, and judgment, individual opinion again runs riot. Hell has dropped out—it is an ironical fact that hell should be our only ground of unanimity. We look forward to heaven, but it is quite certain that there is no identity between any two thinkers among us as to how that glorious but profoundly baffling conception is to be interpreted. And while some of us seldom tire of preaching that every day is the day of judgment, others yet warn their auditors of the solemn and terrible prospect of the universal and inexorable judgment of the Great Assize at the end of the world.

These are the cardinal points. If such a disconcerting diversity of whim prevails in essentials, we may be sure in secondary matters of meeting with a tropical luxuriance of fantasy. Nor are we disappointed. In the same congregation the Christianity of

some is Socialism, of others Buchmanism, of yet more British Israelism, with a seasoning of pacifists, Malvernists, Second Adventists, Vegetarians, and so on. It may well be replied, however, that all this is our glory, the right and even the duty of individual judgment. Identity of credal interpretation has never been, is not now, and never will be our basis as a denomination. The ground of our union is a common doctrine of the Church; an agreed conviction as to what constitutes a church and how a church should be governed. Well, how do we stand, then, on that classic ground? Where the church-meeting still survives, inquire as to its health, its popularity, its attractiveness, its sense of reality. Ask what proportion of the membership is present and how much sense of urgency, of crusade, and of inspiration, begets passion, fire, and enthusiasm in its monthly assembly. In many cases the church-meeting has, in fact, slowly died of inanition. Some churches are governed by councils, others by a board of deacons, and perhaps a few even by some wealthy benefactor. Meanwhile, though devoted stalwarts still survive, the great mass of the membership, including practically all the young people, neither knows nor cares how the church is governed, and certainly sees no point whatever in making a theory of government into a ground of separation.

Now all this, a vague identity of sentiment, habitual attendance at a certain building, and perhaps a personal loyalty to a particular minister, passed muster as a church in safe and comfortable times. But now that the wars of religion have broken out again and men are everywhere fighting over the meaning of life, and are willing even to reduce Europe to a desert if only they can establish their creed, this thin, barren, vague, and superficial churchmanship of ours will no longer do. Such churches will not be able to stand the pace. They lack fervour and conviction. Kindness of heart they possess, but no depth of earth. Our philosophy of life is amiable, mellow, vague, misty, indefinite, irresolute, and changing. But the day of the singing bugle, the foaming stirrup cup, and the couched lance has returned. And if in such times as are upon us, our trumpet give only a low and ambiguous warble, who shall prepare himself for the battle?

This diagnosis may be a trifle headlong and perhaps a thought exaggerated, but I question whether any honest man among us will seriously impugn its essential accuracy. The urgency of the situation is that the patient is far too valuable to be allowed to fall into a decline. These churches are great, great as nurseries, great as granaries, and great in those qualities of truth, righteousness, and sobriety which they have distilled into the soul of the nation. It is a story as famous as it is familiar, how the Puritans not only made England great but, building both bigger and better than they

knew, laid the spiritual foundations of the United States; how the fires of Methodism purged, purified, and prepared us for our position of supremacy in the nineteenth century, and how from us missionaries have gone out to the ends of the earth. It was the passionate profession of clearly defined dogmas and the holding of these dogmas in common by multitudes of resolute men, men who scorned the charge of narrow-mindedness because they knew what they believed and loved what they knew, which gave them their strength. To them the Nonconformist conscience, a joke a few years ago and now a memory, was a glory. But with some of us the love of these churches is in our bones even to-day, and they are, indeed, our very life. For want of a little courage, a little vision, a little distinguishing between what is accidental and what is vital, a little initiative, a little challenging of convention and tradition, a little discarding of ancient and now obsolete antagonisms, a little more attention to hygiene, ventilation, and the opening of windows, a little less reverence for the letter that killeth and a little more for the spirit that giveth life, a little closer and more courageous attention to what new occasions teach, for want of these qualities are we to see these well-beloved churches slowly fade out?

Three courses are open to us. We can drift on as we are doing now until such time as God revives us by the raising up in our midst of some supreme personality to be our prophet and leader. It is, in fact, this fabian policy which, weighed down by inertia and distracted by anxiety, we shall probably follow. If the advent of our new Moses is not delayed too long it may serve. We yield to no man in thankful appreciation of what the churches are doing; the comfort and guidance of their ministries, the readiness and generosity of their welcome to those who have lost their all by a sudden stroke in the night, the faith and hope which they keep alive in the souls of men. But we can *feel* how they date. In them the time-lag yawns most ominously. They are declining in numbers, declining in influence, declining in their appeal to youth, declining in spiritual fervour. There is not much time to lose.

The second course open to us is this: to see that the particular truths we were founded to safeguard have, in fact, been secured, our contribution made, and our reason for separated existence is therefore no longer imperative. The protests of those of us who still live in the past and on the past, the indignation of those who prefer shadow to substance, and perhaps even the resentment of those who are so loyal to the more recent tradition of our independency as to be disloyal to the older tradition of Christian unity, will probably prevent such a prospect as this, although it is active in many minds, from even being coolly and prayerfully canvassed. Enemy action, however, may force us to its serious consideration.

Already rich discoveries of the possibilities of fellowship are being made, buildings being loaned, congregations mingling, and differences overlooked. Prophetic men, influential men, men too generous to care about the grinding of any sectarian axe, men alarmed at the grave, additional, and unnecessary danger in which the whole Church stands by reason of its disunion, beckon to us from the adjacent and friendly camp. As in the nation, so with the Church, unprecedented days call for bold, resolute, and speedy action.

The third course is to put our own house in order. Throughout the churches, and especially in the pulpits, a fantastic welter of individual opinion prevails. A visiting minster may turn out to be a communist or a capitalist, a modernist or a fundamentalist, a groupist or a British-Israelite, a pacifist or a patriot, liturgical or spontaneous, a trinitarian or a unitarian. Surely we cannot go on for many more decades like this. We have able and trusted leaders. Let them realize the gravity of the emergency and act and we will follow. Otherwise Macaulay's New Zealander may have a counterpart. "*Memorial* Hall?" the sightseer of 1971 may be heard inquiring curiously; "memorial of what?" "Of Congregationalism", the guide will have to reply.

We must say that we prefer Mr. Peter Howard in the English forward line at Twickenham than as an apologist for the Group Movement. Sometimes we imagine that leaders of the Group Movement must pray to be delivered from their apologists—but perhaps they don't! *Innocent Men* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.) is the frank account of the conversion of a journalist who "came to scoff and remained to pray", and a wholehearted defence of Dr. Buchman and the Groupers from the charges commonly brought against them, charges which, Mr. Howard says, have no foundation in fact and are so consistently and maliciously made that they constitute persecution. We have not noticed many signs of such persecution, and, while welcoming Mr. Howard's testimony to the influence of the Group upon his life, must remark that many of the ordinary Christians looked down upon by the Groupers neither get drunk three times annually nor refrain from paying their debts for years. Needless to say, we do not accept the charges of lack of patriotism brought against the Groupers; our criticism has been along other lines.

Democracy Marches (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.) contains a dozen talks which Dr. Julian Huxley recently broadcast to North America. They deal with such topics as "The Unifying Effect of War", "The British Social Services", and "Planning and Democracy", and thus look to the future as well as at the present, tackling some difficult problems, such as that of backward areas, on the way. Lord Horder writes a Foreword.

HUMANISM, TOTALITARIANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

By Dr. E. L. Allen, M.A., King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Let those who have eyes to see, perceive and understand. *Hitlerism is the final consequence of the gospel of Humanism*". So says the Rev. D. R. Davies in *On To Orthodoxy*. The Rev. H. J. S. Guntrip is not so crude in his judgments, but he is clearly of the opinion[1] that "the fundamental conflict of truth and error behind our present tragic situation" is that of Christianity *versus* Humanism. He continues:

> The last half-century has seen the Christian faith more and more replaced by political religions, and over a longer period the creeds and opinions that rivalled Christianity have all been, broadly speaking, Humanistic faiths, doctrines of man's faith in himself.

The purpose of what follows is to submit that this is an over-simplification of a very complex state of affairs, and that the Colossus which bestrides Europe to-day is as much an anti-Humanist idol as an anti-Christian one.

It will be necessary, of course, to open our inquiry with the question: What then is Humanism? As that term is increasingly being employed to-day, it stands for the belief that man is adequate of himself to the human situation. In Marx's famous slogan which Lenin translated into action: "There are no problems set to mankind which it cannot solve". On such a view, what room is there for the supernatural guidance and succour which are offered by religion? Thanks to the powers which science has put into his hands, man can overtake his problems and create a world vastly more after his heart's desire than the one which he has inherited from a blundering, because superstitious and pre-scientific, past. Man is capable of perfectibility, and an infinite vista of progress opens out before those who can manipulate this indefinitely plastic material according to the rules which human wisdom has discovered.

If this is what is meant by Humanism, we must seek its origin in the eighteenth century rather than in the Renaissance. For the Renaissance is lacking in that emphasis on collectivity which is characteristic of Humanism; it is frankly and even brutally individualistic. Machiavelli's *The Prince* is a text-book for ambitious sovereigns, not a guide to totalitarianism. For Humanism, individual man has a god and saviour on earth in the shape of collective man: he therefore needs neither God nor Saviour in heaven.

[1] *Vide* his article in the April number of *The Congregational Quarterly*.

I.

If now we analyse this phenomenon as it came to the status of a world-changing force in the minds of the French *philosophes,* we can detect in it a certain social and economic interest. It was largely the work of a middle-class which found itself hampered by the absolutist State and restricted by the closed system of feudalism. In Martin's words[2]:

> A powerful and wealthy trading class was everywhere growing restive of arbitrary taxation, hampering feudal and State restrictions, tariffs which benefited none but those who collected them, and private monopolies which prevented trade from further expansion. It had economic power, education, intelligence, and a vision of a free State in which equality before the law would allow its virtues and activities a fitting reward.

It is in this context that we have to set the "rights of man" and the demand for individual liberty. The economists of the French *bourgeoisie,* the Physiocrats, taught the doctrine of the natural harmony of interests and urged a policy of free trade. Theirs was the creed of *laissez-faire* which was to justify capitalism.

But along with this we can discern at work a genuine moral passion. The Physiocrats wanted free trade, not only because it would fill their pockets, but quite as much because it would leave navies to rot in harbour and divert armies to pursuits of peace. No one can read a book like Lecky's *The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe* and not thank God for this Humanist Hercules who cleansed the Augean stables which we dared to call Christendom. Men like Voltaire hated the things which deserved richly to be hated—war, religious bigotry and persecution, witch-burning, and the exploitation of the people to maintain out-of-date privileges. True, there were two currents in this stream of moral idealism, but if one did run out into materialism and a crass form of utilitarianism, the other flowed nobly on into Kant's ethic of duty, disinterestedness, and respect for personality. In the nineteenth century it produced in John Stuart Mill a veritable "saint of rationalism". As Schweitzer has reminded us, before we judge these men too harshly, we should remember what they accomplished: "the hands of rationalism are black" with honest service for human welfare.

In the third place, however, the *philosophes* had, as they thought, found in Locke's theory of knowledge a scientific *Open Sesame.* Once granted that each man comes into the world with his mind a *tabula rasa,* utterly free, that is, from the "innate ideas" with which Cartesianism made such play, and with all his knowledge subsequently derived from the impressions he receives, what

[2] *French Liberal Thought in the Eighteenth Century,* 75.

hopes might not be entertained! True, the existing generation might be too deeply dyed in prejudice for anything to be made of them; but one had only to wait and, like the opium-smokers of a reformed China or the religion-addicts of Soviet Russia, they would die out. Then one had only to ensure that the mind of youth was systematically fed with sound ideas, and it would develop along healthy lines. Away with such dogmas as original sin or the natural inequality of men: since all the runners in the race of life started from scratch, there was no reason why, given the same careful training, they should not all reach the goal. And beside Locke stood Newton, the wizard who had induced nature to fit herself to the costume of applied mathematics which he had designed for her. Science having thus annexed man's world to its territories, what was to prevent it now from annexing man's nature too? Science and education were the goddesses of the religion of progress.

On the political programme which would satisfy these demands there was not the same unity as on the demands themselves. Obviously, one deduction from Locke's epistemology was the hope of an "enlightened despot": why should not absolute monarchy annul itself (as certain Modernists in the Roman Church dreamed last century that the absolute Papacy of the Vatican Council would annul itself) by educating the new generation for liberty, free trade, and peace? Then there were those who cast longing eyes at the England of rotten boroughs and dared to believe that the blessings of constitutional government might one day be carried across the Channel. Perhaps English liberties would be introduced into France by a public-spirited *Grand Monarque*!

But the political theory which is of importance for our present purpose is that of Rousseau, for here alone do we find that synthesis of individualism and collectivism which is the spiritual ancestor at once of democracy and totalitarianism in the nineteenth century. Rousseau represents the modern man, vividly self-conscious and determined to live out his own life. He is, as Maritain has called him, a "saint of nature"; that is, one who regards every natural impulse as holy and is as proud as a Pharisee of the unashamed self-expression which is his only morality. Seldom has the right of man to be a law unto himself been so strongly asserted. In this respect, therefore, Rousseau is an apostle of individual rights and liberty. He rebelled against the society of his time because it proposed to put the bit of convention between his teeth: he would be no man's hack but a wild horse of the steppes. But he was aware that society was necessary to human life, that one could not go back to the days "when wild in woods the noble savage ran", but must go forward to a better social order which would preserve the liberty of the individual. That was his problem:

> The problem is to find a form of association . . . in which each, while uniting himself with all, may still obey himself alone, and remain as free as before[3].

How is the circle thus to be squared? The answer is that it can be done only in a city-state small enough to enable men to maintain personal contacts and to take an interest in the affairs of the commonwealth. In such a state let the people be sovereign; let man the individual be subject to man collective, and the miracle will be accomplished. As part of the sovereign I rule myself as a member of the community, and such rule will be an identity of self-interest and the common good. The chapter on "Sovereignty" in *The Social Contract* is the charter of collectivism:

> The Sovereign, being formed wholly of the individuals who compose it, neither has nor can have any interest contrary to theirs; and consequently the sovereign power need give no guarantee to its subjects, because it is impossible for the body to wish to hurt all its members. . . . The Sovereign, merely by virtue of what it is, is always what it should be. . . . The social compact . . . tacitly includes the undertaking, which alone can give force to the rest, that whoever refuses to obey the general will shall be compelled to do so by the whole body. This means nothing less than that he will be forced to be free[4].

Here is totalitarianism with a vengeance, but, be it noted, with a democratic vengeance. Yet the essence of the matter is clear: the problems of man the individual can be solved without remainder by man organized collectively: man is thus god and saviour to man. So, after all, one can lift oneself out of a quicksand by one's braces!

II.

The next question is: What is the relation of Communism to this Humanism? One might reply that Communism is just Rousseau's synthesis of individualism and collectivism transposed into economics. Thus, Marx begins his argument in *Capital* with the current Socialist contention that the worker is being defrauded of a share in what he produces and that the table of the rights of man needs to be supplemented by the addition of the worker's "right to the whole product of his labour". This is a strictly individualist claim, but it can only be met by the social organization of labour. Marx's argument, simplified in the extreme, is that the worker can only receive his due when he ceases to be an employee hired for a wage and becomes one member of the great collective labourer which is society. The redemption of man is by the scientific organization of the productive system, and by that alone. When that has been fully achieved, history in the true and human sense will at last begin, the night of savagery and exploita-

[3] *The Social Contract*, Everyman edition, 14. [4] *Op. cit.*, 17f.

tion will pass and man will come to his own in a world of plenty and culture. Here, of course, we have a return behind Rousseau's sentimentalism to the rationalism of the *philosophes;* the Communist type can be severely intellectual and scornful of emotion.

This departure from Rousseau carried with it another, of equal importance. *The Social Contract* distinguishes clearly between the sovereign, which is the whole body of the people, and the government, which is a smaller body entrusted with administrative functions. In order to prevent the gap between these from becoming too wide, Rousseau constructed his community in the form of a city-state with limited area and population; he was not attracted by the representative system. Communism has decided that Rousseau's "general will" is not expressed by mass-assemblies or majority decisions, but by a small, compact group of individuals who are class-conscious and have shown their worth by the fact that in a revolutionary situation they have seized power. The dictatorship of the proletariat is the pretence that the Communist Party knows the mind of the people better than the people itself does, and must therefore make itself responsible for the scientific reorganization of society. The Party, in other words, steps into the place of the enlightened despot of the eighteenth century. This, however, postpones freedom to a somewhat remote future, and meantime State and Party have absolute authority. A full human life for all is the ideal, but on the way to it men may be something like State-serfs.

Two consequences of immense importance follow from this. The first is that the belief in salvation by the scientifically-planned education of the rising generation becomes now a veritable collectivization of the soul. Here is the terrifying paradox of the Russian experiment, that in order to carry through this gigantic effort towards the perfectly socialized man, it is necessary not only to eliminate from the individual his lowest—the impulses which lead him to assert the self over against others—but also to perform a surgical operation on him to rid him of his highest—a conscience sensitive to individual direction and the religious hunger and thirst for eternity[5].

The second consequence is the elimination of moral considerations from Communist ideology. This is a point on which Communist propaganda, especially in our own country, is apt to be deceptive, unintentionally in part, no doubt, just because no one who is in any way in touch with the traditions of British radicalism can ever abandon the moral approach to social reform. But where

[5] What this means can be seen at a glance in the drawing which Fülöp-Miller reproduces (*The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*, opposite p. 21). It represents "A Temple of Machine-Worshippers" and the description underneath it runs: "A Byzantine dome. Instead of angels, figures of communist agitators have been placed in the spindrels; for their heads wheels have been substituted which are set in motion from the altar by means of driving belts. In the foreground the mechanized community."

Marx stood on this matter is made unmistakably clear by the letter he wrote to Engels on the occasion of the organization of the International. In this he says[6]: "Only one thing. I had to pledge myself to insert in the preamble to the rules two phrases about 'duty' and 'right'; also about truth, morality, and justice—but they are so placed that they cannot do any harm". It is true that since 1934 "Soviet Humanism" has taken the place in Russia of "dialectical materialism", but we must not allow the new terminology to mislead us. Listen, for example, to the words of a Russian poet, A. Surkow[7]:

> We are making far too generous a use of words like "love", "joy", "pride", which make up the content of what we call Humanism. Our younger writers only too often forget the fourth element of Humanism, the harsh but splendid idea of hate.

I do not propose to enquire in detail into the connection which undoubtedly exists between Communism and the political philosophy of the eighteenth century. It is sufficient for my purpose to have shown that the relation is much more complicated than is often supposed, and that a good case could be made out for the view that Communism is as much a perversion of, and departure from, Humanism as an offspring of it. I may, however, be permitted to point out that there are two distinct types of connection which need to be sharply distinguished—a favour they do not usually receive. There is a logical connection, and also a purely historical one. In the first case, the new idea can be seen to follow deductively from the old, so that to accept the one is to be driven on, sooner or later, to the other. In the second place, all that can be shown is that the men who championed the new idea came to it from the old, perhaps by strict development of thought, but perhaps by a misapprehension. A simple illustration of this second type of connection is that between Luther's gospel and antinomianism: is the Reformer to be blamed because men half-followed his teaching and half-perverted it to such a result?

III.

The next question to be asked is: Where do Fascism and National Socialism stand in relation to Humanism? To begin with, Fascism in particular derives its impulse from thinkers who were wholly opposed to the eighteenth century and its political theories. Men like Nietzsche, Sorel, Le Bon, and Pareto emphatically do not believe in the essential goodness of human nature: they speak rather to a generation of cowards and decadents. Their mood is rather that of the Renaissance with its assertion of un-

[6] Rühle, *Karl Marx*, 248f.
[7] Iswolski, *Der neue Mensch im Russland von heute*, 40.

bridled individualism than that of the Enlightenment with its appeal to reason and its passion for social betterment. They are conscious of belonging to the *élite* who must bridle and ride the masses, although in Sorel this whole conception takes the paradoxical form of identifying the proletariat—who, be it noted, are "class" not "mass"—with the *élite* who are to conquer society. "Fascism", says Mussolini[8],

> is opposed to all the individualistic abstractions of a materialistic nature like those of the eighteenth century; and it is opposed to all Jacobin utopias and innovations. It does not consider that "happiness" is possible upon earth, as it appeared to be in the desire of the economic literature of the eighteenth century, and hence it rejects all teleological theories according to which mankind would reach a definitive stabilised condition at a certain period in history.

One could not wish for anything clearer: the religion of progress and the utopian dream of a classless society are discarded with equal ruthlessness.

It is true, of course, that what Mussolini speaks of as "individualistic abstractions of a materialistic nature" do not cover the whole of what the eighteenth century had to offer. There is also collectivism, and this has been accepted whole-heartedly. The individual is to be subordinated to the State, in the case of Fascism, and to the Nation, in the case of National Socialism. But there is here no thought of the scientific organization of society to produce the maximum of happiness; Hitler and Mussolini are alike scornful of all such programmes. In Germany to-day the appeal is not to reason but to the blood, and no two doctrines could be more opposed than that of the equality of man as suggested by Locke's theory of knowledge and the new conception that racial qualities are innate and stamp human stocks as unequal from birth. Not economic welfare but racial purity is the supreme value and the end for which society must be organized.

To-day, wherever National Socialism spreads on the Continent in the wake of Hitler's armies, men forswear the old allegiance to "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" and set up the strange new idols of racialism, anti-Semitism, and intolerance. But are these idols new? Are they not rather old, just those ones in fact which went down before the assault of Humanism? Again, the situation is much too complicated to be disposed of in a single sentence, but a good case might be made out for the view that it is precisely Humanism which is the enemy against which the dictators have set their ideological and other armies in motion.

It will be urged, of course, that there is a considerable correspondence between Communism and National Socialism; that in

[8] Oakeshott *The Social and Political Doctrines of Contemporary Europe*, 165f.

both a system of Party dictatorship has replaced democracy, and that the State planning of economic development is common to both. True, but that is to be accounted for by the necessity one is under, in any really fierce political struggle, of turning the enemy's weapons against him. Did not Lenin adopt his method of a secret organization and *agents provocateurs* because Tsarism had used it with such effect? And planning in Germany is not for any form of welfare, but first and last for military purposes. Here, again, contrast Rousseau's and Kant's dream of perpetual peace with Mussolini's outburst[9]:

> War alone brings up to their highest tension all human energies and puts the stamp of nobility upon the peoples who have the courage to meet it.

I have said above that Fascism does not believe in the intrinsic goodness of human nature. Nothing is clearer to the reader of *Mein Kampf*, surely, than the supreme contempt of the author for the vast mass of his fellow-mortals. If this is what human nature is, we can well imagine that it needs a *régime* of authority and coercion. There is an element of Christian pessimism in these two ideologies, as they appeal sometimes to the "grace of God" as ultimate sanction for the claims of the leader. It is a very serious question whether the racial religion of Germany is really intended to bring salvation to its people by collective and scientific action or is simply meant to make the mass more plastic in the hands of self-elected leaders.

That there is something which Fascism and National Socialism owe to Christianity I for one do not doubt. To quote a writer whose political sympathies are surely beyond suspicion[10]:

> If fascism may be regarded as being informed by a frantic fear of chaos which might result if an old social order broke down, and as leading to the very anarchy which it fears through its futile attempt to preserve a disintegrated order artificially, after history has dissipated its essential vitality, we might come to the conclusion that fascism is really the unfortunate result of Christian pessimism. The theory that government is justified merely by the negative task of checking chaos is held in common by both fascism and Christian orthodoxy. It may be that the political principles of fascism are, at least partially, derived from the latter.

One of my students, a refugee from Czecho-Slovakia, recently provided an interesting commentary on all this. He told me that he had attended a discussion circle in Prague, the leader of which was making a synthesis of Fascism and the theology of Karl Barth. One remembers hearing something about inhabitants of glass houses!

[9] Oakeshott, *op. cit.*, 170f.
[10] Niebuhr: *An Introduction to Christian Ethics*, 167.

IV.

So we come to the final question to which all has been meant to lead: What should be the relation of Christianity to Humanism, with its hope of the salvation of man the individual by the rational organization of collective man?

I suggest that what is needed here is an extended application of the principle which emerged from the controversies of last century, the principle, I mean, that science must be accepted as authoritative within its own sphere, but that it must not arrogate to itself the right to pronounce on ultimate questions. Against the application to the physical world of the methods of physical science we can have no complaint, but we cannot pay the same respect to those methods when they are transferred to an area of reality for which they were never intended. So in this case, we may, and I would urge that we must, accept the humanist approach to political and social problems, while we refuse to accept it as a final account of the meaning of life. That enormous improvements in the material setting of human life could even yet be effected by bringing it under a greater measure of social and rational control—so much we all believe to-day, and it is best not to use language which would give the impression that we think otherwise. Nor need we deny that moral changes could be effected by education, for to most of us through most of our lives morality is largely a matter of conforming to the standards which rule in our environment. André Gide tells[11] how he visited Bolshevo, a settlement for the reform of criminals, and listened to the confessions and penitences of those who had undergone "treatment" in it: they reminded him of nothing so much as of the "sharing" in an Oxford Group house-party at which he had been present two years previously!

But there is a realm beyond this morality of social conformity, and a realm in which man does not live by bread alone, but is driven by the hunger and thirst of the spirit towards the unattainable. What is a useful working hypothesis for the politician and the social reformer is yet something much less than a religion. When man dreams that he is sufficient to himself, his pride is humbled in the individual by the inescapable fact of death, and in society by the new possibilities of evil which spring up with each fresh technical advance. No society can dispense with those virtues which only grow on the soil of humility, and man is most truly great when he is ready to acknowledge that all he has is God's gift. But just as we shall best be able to persuade men that they need more than bread when we are eager that they shall at least have that, so our protests against the arrogant assumption that man can do everything will be all the more effectual if they are accompanied by the frank recognition that there is much which he can and should do.

[11] *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.*, 121f.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND!

By Alec R. Ellis.

We needed the *Blitzkrieg* here in England. Because of it many children have seen the flowering hedgerows and winding lanes of the English countryside for the first time. Berkeley Square and Mayfair have been made to realize that the gulf which separates them from the East End is mainly one of distance, and what is distance these days? People who have led sheltered, orderly, self-sufficient lives have been forced to open their doors to people whose lives, judged by quite ordinary standards, have been mere existence.

The *Blitzkrieg* has brought about, or is bringing about, a revolution in old England. People are leaving the cities and going back to the country in a kind of reverse Industrial Revolution. What is more important is that the young folk of today, those who will guide the destinies of the Empire tomorrow, are being forced to realize that there is another, and in many ways a better, mode of life away from the cities than ever they had thought possible. They will never be content to return to the conditions of poverty and squalor which many of them have left.

There is a hole in the roof of St. Paul's Cathedral and Coventry Cathedral is but a shell. Liverpool Cathedral has lost some of its windows, and the Cathedral at Canterbury has been damaged, but, as a consequence of all this, light has streamed in on what is essentially a spiritual problem. In the past we have rather taken the view that our votes didn't matter much, that government was a matter for politicians, and that whatever we did we couldn't influence current events in any noticeable degree. There was some excuse for this attitude because of certain weaknesses in the electoral system. We felt that the decision as to whether the nation should or should not participate in a war was one for the government alone, whatever our views as individual electors, and that war would never be an issue on which the government would appeal to the country first of all. Modern wars don't give time for such cumbersome procedure. Mind, we all approved of the decision to go to war, but now that we know what war means, now that our homes are subjected to a rain of death and terror night after night, some of us feel that perhaps it could all have been prevented if we had taken a little more interest in the direction of our affairs during the past twenty-five years. We don't ever intend to make the same mistakes again.

Do we really know what we are fighting for? Ask the average

Englishman what is the meaning of these parrot cries of liberty and democracy, and he will be able to give but the vaguest answers. Liberty and freedom are usually interpreted as meaning freedom to do as one likes, to go to hell in one's own way so long as one doesn't interfere with anyone else. Of course, everyone knows that we are out to beat Hitler; but after that? What was behind the action of the captain of the *Jervis Bay*? How was Dunkirk possible?

* * *

When the *Blitz* started in our little corner of England those of us who were Air Raid Wardens did twenty-one consecutive nights on duty, and on most of them we didn't get to bed until nearly dawn. Twenty-one nights, with about three hours of sleep per night and ordinary day's work to be done in the daytime, helps the mind quite a lot to clear itself of unessentials.

During that time we learnt first-hand nearly all there was to know about air raids. We knew the difference between a whistler and a screamer, between an incendiary bomb and an unexploded shell returning to earth, and we knew just how near they were going to fall and when it was advisable to drop flat. We didn't learn it all at once, and we often threw ourselves flat for a high explosive bomb which we subsequently discovered had fallen half a mile away.

There must be few wardens in our city who have not personally extinguished at least one fire bomb, and few sectors which have not experienced at least one high explosive bomb. We had thirty-five fire bombs, one high explosive, and one oil bomb on our little sector, nearly all during the first three weeks.

One night, the worst night of all, an A.R.P. Sector Post in another part of the city was hit by high explosives, and all the wardens, who were sheltering, were knocked out. All the telephone lines were down, the electric cables cut, gas mains fractured, overhead tram wires down, and water mains burst. I happened to be in this sector when thirteen high explosive bombs fell, the nearest about two hundred yards from where I was standing.

For one shocked fraction of a second after the explosion and crash of buildings and sound of falling glass there was a stunned silence; then I ran towards the nearest pile of ruins; within the target area was a blind fog of dust and smoke and acrid fumes which did not clear for five minutes. Into the Stygian darkness of the blackout I went until I came to the wrecked sector post. Three dead Auxiliary Fire Service men lay in torn heaps in one corner, and lying all round were wardens bleeding freely from nose, ears, and mouth. It was obvious that outside help would have to be organized.

I found a Boy Scout and sent him on his bicycle to the nearest

telephone which was working, and in about half an hour we had a gang of wardens from other sectors. None of us knew the district, or whether people were supposed to be in the bombed houses or not. Everything was chaos. We commandeered soap from a chemist's shop and swarmed up lamp posts, ramming the soap in the leaking pipes. We toiled amid tottering masonry, lifting beams and woodwork in our search for victims, and after three-quarters of an hour we reached the first body. It was that of a man, and as we dragged him out two of the ambulance men were violently sick: it was their first real experience.

We next came to the body of a woman, but she was pinned by the legs, and the beam was too heavy for us to move without the proper tools. And then, right by the fireplace, protected by two heavy beams which had fallen aslant, we found two children, alive and quite unhurt. We got them out, and in the darkness they had but a fleeting glimpse of their dead parents.

No sooner than we had got them in the street than another bomb was dropped quite close, and a raider, swooping low, machine-gunned the street. Those children were marvellous. They just held our hands very tightly and did everything they were told.

* * *

The wicked, wanton stupidity of it all! I felt I must have a day or two of rest. Before my tired mind floated a mirage of the English countryside, with church-bells, winding lanes, sleepy villages, the purple of the heather on the hills, rich meadows, and quiet streams. I would go to one or two well-loved spots there to recover my sanity of outlook. Dictators would come and go, the eternal things would outlast all the pitiful strivings of man. Oh, peaceful England!

I left by an early train the following day for a favourite spot in the hills, and several hours later I was among the old familiar sights and sounds. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with the least possible delay. I wanted to spend the afternoon lying in the heather somewhere near the top of a favourite hill, and I wanted to make the ascent of this hill by way of one of the loveliest lanes in the country; then in the evening I would have a quiet meal in the village pub., and finish the day with a stroll in the still of the evening. Surely a few days spent on these lines would restore that calmness of spirit which is the meat that other men know not of.

But as I left the tiny village station to make my way along the familiar streets I became aware that in some way the place had changed and was strangely unfamiliar. I never remembered the children being so noisy, nor so many of them, until suddenly it dawned on me that these were evacuees. The stones of the village remained the same, but the sleepiness had vanished from the streets.

I deposited my bag at the village inn, and after a light meal I set off for the mountain. The sun of a late September day shone with a mellow golden light on the brightly-coloured fruits of the hedgerows, and as I strolled down the winding lane out of sight of the village into the heart of the countryside I felt that it was good to be alive. Here at least there were no hideous wailing sirens, no droning bombers, no roar and crash of gunfire and bombs. My jaded eyes grew less tired as I contemplated the eternal green of the meadows on either side of the lane. These were the enduring things to which men would always return when ambition palled and hearts grew weary.

The lane narrowed to the most beautiful part of all, where through a vista of trees overhanging the pathway a view of the distant hills was framed with the sunlight on them. This was the climax of the walk, and through long association with it I felt a proprietorial interest in it because of its unexpectedness.

My step quickened with the keen pleasure of anticipation only to falter in dismay as I rounded the bend. Huge pyramid-shaped blocks of concrete obstructed nearly the whole of the lane, and in front of them a maze of rusty barbed wire entanglements guarded the approach. The wicked-looking muzzle of a machine gun commanded the gap in the road, and the rough voice of a sentry calling me to halt shattered the last remnants of illusion.

After producing my identity card I was allowed to proceed. Even if the war had penetrated to the village and to the country lane, at least the mountain would be sacrosanct. With these thoughts I revived my flagging spirits, and as I mounted higher and higher the cool mountain air calmed down my jangled nerves and I began to enjoy life once more.

Feeling thirsty, I drank from a mountain stream, and in doing so I was taken back many a long year to camping days in the happy times of peace. I sat down, some distance below the summit, and there below me opened out a breath-taking panorama of hills and valleys in all their purple, gold, and green misty beauty. I lay back in the heather, with the sun on my face, and soon I felt pleasantly drowsy.

What was that? I was wide awake and sitting up now. In the distance, but rapidly approaching, was a familiar drone, and before I had time to scramble to my feet I saw a formation of bombers flying very high. Suddenly they dived and came hurtling to earth at a terrifying speed, and now I could see that they were our own. They flattened out and away they sped, only to return in a few minutes and go through the same evolutions. Dive-bombers at practice. They banished the last semblance of peace from the quiet hills for the remainder of the afternoon, swooping and diving, screaming and roaring their hellish way across the sky.

I sadly made my way down the mountain, and as dusk was falling I neared the village, becoming acutely conscious of yet another change in the old, familiar things. Instead of bells across the meadow the church tower was equipped with a siren, and before the daylight had deepened into dusk its hideous stomach-turning wailing announced to the quiet valley that enemy bombers would shortly pass over to the crowded cities beyond the hills. The church bells will not be heard in England again until after the war, unless enemy parachute troops land, when they will be used like the Armada beacons of old.

There was no peace anywhere, I reflected sadly as I ate my evening meal, yet just for old time's sake I would take my evening stroll. Surely in the darkness I could recapture some of the illusion of peace, at any rate.

Before I was properly clear of the village I was pulled up sharply. The Home Guard were on parade. I was stopped five times in the course of walking along as many lanes, and each time I had to prove my identity. After a day in the field, workshop, and office, this improvised army guards the whole of the country while England sleeps. A shopkeepers' army, guardians of the English home!

England, so lovely in your purple hills and green meadows, your quiet rivers and flowering hedgerows, your woodlands with their birdsong and your churchbells at eventide, a crazy nightmare has come upon you and seeks to destroy you! Death roars and crashes out of the sky on thatched cottage, country mansion, palace and castle alike. But the spirit of England cannot be touched by the machinations of evil men. It is too intangible for that. It is like the wind which bloweth where it listeth, invisible yet ever present, life sustaining. Dictators come and go, having had their little day, and we, too, who are keeping the faith will pass on. But the heritage which we are defending will still remain, for it is composed of things which are immortal—the poetry of Shakespeare, the bravery of Grace Darling, the patriotism of Edith Cavell, the Christianity of Elizabeth Fry, the supreme sense of duty of the captain of the *Jervis Bay*. These are the things we are defending, the heritage of England. This is what we are fighting for, to hand on to our children's children the England we have known, in all its peace and beauty.

The peace is no longer here now, and our eyes are trained for other things than the appreciation of beauty, but beauty does not perish from the earth, and when we have finished the course it will still be there. And the heritage we are defending will be nobler by the sacrifice of those who have died. May we be worthy of them and of this heritage in the days of peace no less than in the days of war.

EDUCATIONAL CHANGES AND THE RISK OF TESTS.

By Wilfrid J. Rowland,
Secretary of the National Education Association.

In February, 1939, *The Times* launched an attack upon the religious teaching in the Council Schools, asserting that there exists in this country "a system of national education, which allows the citizens of the future to have a purely heathen up-bringing". This sensational article was reprinted in leaflet form and circulated to the extent of half a million copies. Its allegations were the more readily accepted in quarters unacquainted with our educational system, because many eminent persons wrote in support of the leader writer, and an appearance of unanimity was created by the simple expedient of suppressing all letters from educationists which were adversely critical and presented a more balanced view of the situation.

A year later the Archbishops issued an Appeal on behalf of improved religious education in measured terms, and their proposals have received a general, though not a detailed, endorsement from the Federal Free Church Council. It is unfortunate that the Archbishops' proposals should have been brought forward when the atmosphere was filled with unjustifiable apprehensions. In the interests of stable government it is unwise to legislate in a mood of panic.

The Times' attack was repeated at the time when the Archbishops' Appeal was published. It was then urged that the public mind had been aroused, and that legislative changes ought to be promptly carried out before the public became apathetic again, and "each year a further batch of semi-pagan children passes from school life into citizenship".

The Times' campaign caused keen resentment in educational circles. Both the Local Education Authorities and the teachers knew that they were honestly carrying out an excellent system of religious teaching suitable for children at the elementary stage. It is a system created by the practical commonsense of the English people. On the other hand it is nowhere claimed that perfection has been reached. The authorities are quite prepared to investigate alleged weaknesses and to improve the technical equipment of the teachers. The following resolution, passed by the Annual Meeting of the Association of Education Committees, indicates the attitude of these authorities:

> In view of current movements, this Association takes this opportunity to declare the desire of local authorities that the religious teaching now universally given in the public elementary schools shall be efficient, and will welcome and carefully consider all reasonable constructive proposals to that end.
>
> The Association also re-affirms its policy of resistance to the introduction of denominational teaching in provided schools or any right of entry into council schools by representatives of denominational bodies.

So widespread is the ignorance of the public that it is necessary to state again and again:

1. That every single Education Authority of its own free-will provides for religious teaching in the elementary schools.
2. That nearly all of them have adopted "Agreed Syllabuses" which have the approval of the Anglican and the Free Churches and of the teachers.
3. That many of the Authorities have adopted a system of examining or inspecting the religious instruction given under their auspices; plenty of evidence can be brought to show how satisfactorily this is given.

Regarding the general state of religious knowledge in the country it is easy to understand why the Christian Churches are disturbed. Padres in the Forces have again discovered the alienation of the men from organized religion, and their profound ignorance of the intellectual aspects of the Christian faith. In these circumstances it might have been thought that the Churches would have reconsidered their teaching function, would have tried to ascertain the causes of alienation, and would have asked themselves whether they are presenting the Christian message in such a way as to be acceptable to the modern mind. They might have examined afresh all the methods by which teaching is given from the pulpit, in the Sunday schools, in children's addresses, and in preparation for church membership. But it has been easier to mark down as a scapegoat the secular State, and to fasten upon the elementary schools the responsibility for the present indifference to organized religion and the general ignorance regarding the Christian faith.

All these considerations lead back to certain fundamental questions as to the respective functions of Church and State. Free Churchmen for two and a half centuries have been in the forefront of the battle to rescue religion, and, indeed, all personal thought, from the grip of the State. That battle has been substantially won —despite the continued anomaly of a State Church. But there are English people today who, seeing the success of mass-propaganda in totalitarian countries, would like to use the same methods here. If, it is argued, Germany can by its educational methods produce a

Nordic neo-paganism, why cannot the English education system be used to produce a Christian people? A speaker at a recent Ely Diocesan Conference, for example, said:

> Reliance on the parents was not always wise. The Nazis had realized the importance of dealing direct with the child, and by-passing the parents, and methods used for inculcating evil might be equally efficacious for teaching the good.

The reply to such a suggestion, of course, must be that the Christian faith must be promoted by persuasion and not by compulsion, and that the Church dare not devolve upon the State the plain and prime duty of spreading the Gospel. Applying that principle to the field of public education, it surely follows that a limit must be placed upon what can properly be expected of any State system. The justification of the Sunday School movement is rightly based upon the assumption that the State can never do the work of the Church.

Sir Walter Moberly thus touched upon the question when addressing a gathering of teachers and others at Exeter College, Oxford, in July:

> There was the problem of free choice for the child, for if this was absent, the same sort of thing as produced the Hitler Youth might result. Emphatically give the child the chance of understanding and appreciating, but in the last resort the child must appreciate or not—you should not attempt to do the choosing for him.

It is natural for the Christian parent to choose for his child a school where there is a Christian atmosphere. But if he sends his child to a school maintained out of the public purse, he cannot reckon on a system of religious education which shall exactly conform to his particular preferences. His wishes obviously must be considered in relation to the wishes of other citizens. The practical question to be asked, therefore, is this, What can the Christian parent fairly expect of the State—especially in view of the wide differences among Christians themselves? Is it fair, for example, that one third of the population should impose its religious views upon the other two thirds? But the argument must not be pressed too far. There are other standpoints to be considered, and a wholly logical system cannot be devised in a land where liberty freely exercised issues not in dead uniformity but in living variety. It must be admitted that there is disputed territory between Church and State, and it is not possible to define boundaries with exactitude. All that can here be said is that the claims of the Churches upon the secular power must not be placed too high; that the churches cannot delegate their own specific work to the State, and that they must avoid even the appearance of exploiting the present situation for their own benefit.

Hitherto far more has been heard of the Archbishops' Appeal than of the attitude of the Local Education Authorities and of the teachers. So unfavourable was the reaction in the world of education to *The Times'* campaign that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in the Church Assembly repudiated and rebuked the attacks made upon the religious instruction now being given in the Provided Schools. Regarding their statements this is what was said by *The Journal of Education*—the most solid of the purely educational papers—in its August issue:

> We observe with deep satisfaction that the archbishops do not approve of the attempts made in certain quarters to throw upon the teachers all the blame for the alleged widespread ignorance of the meaning of the Christian religion. Dr. Temple remarked that far too much blame had been placed upon the schools and the teachers, and that it was in the period that followed school that the leakage and lapse took place. Still more emphatic were Dr. Lang's closing words. One hindrance to the co-operation of all teachers, he said, was that there still rankled in the minds of teachers the unwise, unfair language sometimes used in Church circles about the Christian teaching given in provided schools.

Far stronger criticism can be found in *Education,* the official organ of the Association of Education Committees, and in *The Schoolmaster,* the organ of the very powerful National Union of Teachers.

The function of the State in education may not be clearly envisaged by the Local Education Authorities, but at least they realize that true education goes far beyond the mere inculcation of facts, and that it is concerned with character-building and moral conduct. The needs of the elementary children must always remain elementary, and it is futile to give them teaching which they cannot absorb. In practice they must concentrate upon the ethical content of the Gospel, about which there is general agreement, and avoid ecclesiastical theories, which are divisive. In fact the teachers know pretty well what the children can inwardly digest at each stage of school life. After all, the *New Testament* and the Apostolic Church were more concerned about a Way of Life than about theological definitions.

It may safely be said that the Education Authorities are disturbed not so much by the actual proposals of the Archbishops as by the prospect that projected changes of any kind may awaken slumbering controversies and upset the prevailing peace. Those who are administering our educational system—members of Education Committees, Directors of Education, and teachers—are intent upon preserving the existing unity within the schools. To this end their policy must be to lay the emphasis on those things that

unite—upon the principles commonly held by people of all denominations. The great sheet-anchor of the non-denominational system is the Cowper-Temple clause, which forbids the use of denominational formularies. If any interference with that is proposed there will be trouble and turmoil. This is no unfounded surmise, but a real danger. For example, the Bishop of Chelmsford in a letter to his diocese (quoted in *The Manchester Guardian*, 23rd March), after demanding changes in the law, wrote thus:

> Such an Act of Parliament should begin by repealing the Cowper-Temple clause, which is the main source of the mischief. It should proceed to kill such *clichés* as "No tests for teachers", "No right of entry into Council Schools".

It is, however, significant that the Report of the Archbishops' Commission on Religious Education (page xiv) saw the danger of re-opening this question, declaring it

> would cloud once more the whole question with an atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust, and would put off indefinitely the hope of a peaceful solution.

The Education Authorities are dead against the introduction of denominational teaching in any shape or form within the provided schools. They hate the idea of dividing children according to the denominational attachments of their parents. They dislike the imposition of tests upon teachers, and the teachers themselves are profoundly disturbed at the prospect of such tests.

The crux of the difficulty lies in this business of tests. This is not merely a professional question concerning a few hundred teachers. It is a public question with which all members of the public are deeply concerned. Every Civil Servant, moreover, is interested in the maintenance of a system which permits men to serve the State irrespective of religious or political opinions.

Cordial approval can be given to the proposal that in the course of training for the teachers' certificate religious knowledge shall be an optional subject, and not merely an additional option, *i.e.*, if the subject of religious knowledge be optionally taken, it should count in the gaining of the certificate.

The real danger lies in the actual interpretation which is put upon such phrases as teachers who are "willing and competent" to give religious instruction. It is all very well for the Archbishops to say that they desire that no teacher should be prejudiced in his professional career by his unwillingness to give this teaching. But the teacher is naturally anxious to know whether in actual fact his career will be prejudiced. Only recently *The Teachers' World* quoted a distinguished Director of Education—formerly a teacher—who thus addressed his fellow directors:

> Is it not obvious that teachers specially trained and qualified to give religious instruction will be labelled? And will not

those teachers who have not sought to obtain such training and qualifications equally become labelled—possibly to their disadvantage?

Already in certain quarters the hope has been expressed that all head-teachers shall be Christians. Surely it will be a fateful day for the Christian Church if it secures for the professing Christian pecuniary advantages in the public service, and thus places at a professional disadvantage all who do not profess Christianity. There are men like the Bishop of St. Albans who are not satisfied with knowledge and competence and willingness to teach. They want to probe into the personal religious beliefs and practices of prospective teachers, following the inquisitorial methods of many denominational schools. Such a practice is both impolitic and impracticable under a truly democratic system. If attempted it will prove futile. It will bar out the sensitive and scrupulous, and it will open the door to the glib and hypocritical careerist. It is a time for vigilance.

Dr. W. Ivor Jennings's *The British Constitution* (Cambridge Press, 8s. 6d.) is a sprightly and informing book; it is a pity it has been written in such a great hurry—we have words strangely used, sentences like "The work of the Home Rule issue was strengthened by the Boer War" (whatever *does* it mean?), and Bethnal Green transferred to South-West London. Dr. Jennings both gains and loses in drawing his illustrations from present-day politics; one of the results is that his study is for group-discussion rather than a textbook, as Lord Stamp suggests in a characteristically able Preface which makes us the more conscious of the country's loss in his death. The author's strong prejudices tend to the same end. Incidentally, scarcely enough credit is given to the Church Meetings of Baptist and Congregational Churches as a training-ground for democracy, and was "the nonconformist movement" so "essentially middle class that it had hardly touched the workers of the towns"?

Miss E. W. Cohen's *The Growth of the British Civil Service, 1780-1939* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.) is as readable as it is informing. The period covered shows the transformation of the Service from a haphazard masculine institution, with sinecures, perquisites, and patronage to a highly efficient, well-paid, properly superannuated half-million body of both sexes. A "battle royal with the Treasury" was needed to introduce typewriters (1888), for they were operated by women, and women were suspect, even though they were "accurate . . . , quick . . . , cheap . . . , and there is no superannuation". Miss Cohen touches on many important aspects of the subject—competitive examinations, blind alley employment, Whitley Councils, *etc.* Britishers are fond of joking about their Civil Service, but in their heart of hearts they are proud of it, and they have good reason to be so.

DEVELOPMENTS AND EXPERIMENTS

This Section of our Journal aims at chronicling not only developments in theological thought and in ecclesiastical organization, but also practical experiments in all branches of religious life and service.

Often when successful attempts have been made to solve some problem in one part of the country, the rest of the Churches remain ignorant, and we trust that these pages will not ony serve as a clearing-house of ideas and a record of changing emphasis, but also broadcast valuable information of progress in Church and denominational life.

Our representatives in the Colonies and the United States will from time to time contribute accounts of similar movements. The Editor will be glad to consider brief articles serving this purpose.

"PAUL MADE TENTS"

The wind from the creek was cold, as it always is; my courage ebbed before it; I felt I had been unnecessarily heroic and more than a little foolish; if "the boss" didn't turn up soon I should go home and write to say I had changed my mind.

But then a lorry came under the bridge and stopped. The driver put out his head and called, "You my new mate?"; then it was too late to go back, so into the lorry I climbed. My excursion into "another side of life" had begun.

I had just closed a pastorate and knew that I should be without a charge for about two months. I wasn't pleased with the prospect of doing little for as long as that, with all the world busy at war, and so I had planned to "do my bit" and to get out of the ministerial groove (broad though it be) at the same time. I was mentally stale and physically slack. This lorry was to be my remedy; its owner had agreed to employ me on equal terms with his many other drivers.

"Wouldn't think we had five ton up, would you?" asked my mate. I looked through the window into the back of the cab. There was a stack of corrugated steel sheets; about a ton, I should have thought. I wasn't sure if it was a leg-pull or not so I replied, "I certainly shouldn't think so". But it was no joke; a few minutes later we pulled into a big aircraft works in process of being erected, and in a matter of seconds had backed to a pile of these sheets. Out got the driver and work had begun. They were thin, those sheets, so that we handled them in fives; a yard wide and six, eight, or ten feet long. I reckon five of the big ones weighed more than a hundredweight, though that didn't matter now, as they were just pushed off the tail of the lorry on to the pile. The worst thing about them was their razor-like edges; within twenty minutes I had a two-inch gash down my forearm. It bled freely and hurt a lot, but I tried not to notice it; I thought I ought to seem "tough", so I worked away until it stopped bleeding. I still have an impressive scar.

Five tons made my back ache, but there was worse to follow. The lorry empty, we went to the railway station. I had never been in a goods yard before and found it interesting; I wondered how long it would be before I should get hold of the jargon I heard, and was glad that I did know something about locomotives; I could talk intelligently about those, at least. Driving expertly, Fritz, as I came to know him, put the lorry close, but not too close, alongside a ten-ton coal-truck. It was loaded with

more steel sheets, but, alas, they could not be pushed into the lorry as the others had been pushed off. I often wondered if it is a superabundance of one type of truck or just cussedness on the railwaymen's part that causes them to put goods in inconvenient containers. This coal-truck was typical; it had a door in the side that opened downwards and outwards, but which stopped a foot short of the top of the side. This meant that all those sheets (and the hundreds of tons that other people unloaded) had to be lifted over the side of the truck and dumped down into the lorry. It was hard work; ten times as hard as it would have been in a suitable truck. I got another cut and felt my arms and back would just collapse; but on it went, twenty tons that first awful day, twenty tons lifted up and dumped, and twenty tons pushed on to the stack in the works. We had started at seven in the morning, after I had cycled four miles from my home. At mid-day we had stopped for dinner. Fritz had driven home in the lorry, I had eaten my sandwiches and, being now a workman, had had a pint of cider in the "West-end". It was six-thirty when we took the lorry to the garage and I was free to pedal wearily home. I was literally near to tears when I got home. My tennis-shirt was filthy, my new dungarees were worse, my cuts were congealed and very sore, and I was almost too tired to eat. A bath, a meal, a great deal of sympathy from my wife, and I was off to bed for a night blessedly free from air-raids.

I knew after that first day that I should either have to give in or else become stronger than I had ever been. Sometimes I thought I couldn't lift another pound, but Fritz did it and he only chuckled if I staggered with my end of the load, so on we went and somehow the work was done and the days went by and my muscles grew and grew. I started off just able to move a hundredweight; within a month I could carry that much and throw it more or less where I wanted it. And what cargoes we had in those weeks; whiting in two-hundredweight sacks; coal; iron tubes up to twenty-four feet long; asbestos wall and roof-sheets; sand; gravel; machinery; pieces of boats; army huts; furniture; air-raid shelter bunks; "Anderson" sections; iron-plating. I sometimes thought that anything heavy or awkward was my lot.

I look at lorries now with a more expert eye; I see a load and can tell just about how difficult it was to put up; I can see if the loader did well or not, for this is no job for a novice. Fritz was a good man to start with. He knew his work thoroughly and well, and taught me a lot. I wasn't only slow and awkward; I didn't merely load badly, so that we didn't get much on, or so that it would be difficult to unload, I was positively dangerous. A twenty-foot, three-inch pipe, for instance, has so much "whip" that it must be treated with respect. Once it starts sliding or running it has a force quite out of proportion even to its considerable weight, and is lethal; therefore, such a pipe must not be given any chance at all to get out of control. I remember one that jumped when it was being loaded; it simply flew through the air with an obvious grudge against humanity and nearly scalped a porter. Things of that length must be loaded with one end up over the cab, yet, from a railway-truck, they must be thrown, one end at a time, into position. I soon came to respect the man who does this job; he is more skilled than we realize. To get the maximum load with the minimum of effort, danger, and wear to the lorry, this is something to be learned.

It was almost paradoxical that the biggest lesson in Christian social thinking that I gained in those weeks was the lesson of England's greatest problem—the unskilled worker. I was depressed for days when the reality and urgency of the problem forced itself upon me. I was going regularly

to an assortment of works, some in operation, some in building. The first point I realized was that most of the men in the gangs were deliberately doing as little as possible; they grumbled when we came in with a load that they had to handle; they lacked initiative, and they were slow. At first I thought they were simply lazy, but there is more in it than that; unloading a lorry is about the most interesting and responsible work they ever do, and there are the thousands of other gangs—concrete gangs, for instance—whose work lacks even such opportunity as that. Day after day they stand, thousands of them, by the side of a concrete mixer; every so-many seconds they put a shovel full of sand into the hopper, or pull a lever down and then put it up again, or they watch a belt and put a part on to it, or take it off, at unvarying intervals; their work demands no knowledge, no skill, no responsibility, very often not even much brute force; they are accessories to the machine, like another knob or handle. One day there will be another knob . . . they don't really mean anything in the scheme of things, and that iron enters the soul after a bit. There is no pride of craft, nor can be, and without pride of craft there will be no sense of duty or responsibility. For the moment, that problem seems to have no answer, except perhaps in well-spent leisure; but while it exists, it should be counteracted by efficient and worthy oversight.

The question of oversight caused me many an evil thought; it is an issue that should be attended to if we really want anything like maximum production in the factories. I had some illuminating experiences getting my lorry unloaded. (Yes, it did become "my" lorry—after a week or so with Fritz I was promoted to driver on a well-kept four-tonner that often carried much more than four tons.) I remember a visit to a shipyard, typical of conditions in that yard; I had brought two fuel-tanks for a mine-sweeper that was being built. They weighed three tons together. My mate and I had loaded them, with a crane, from a railway-truck, in about half-an-hour. Left to ourselves, we could have unloaded them in about the same time; but that wasn't allowed; if we or they had been hurt in the unloading, we should have been to blame. Accordingly, I found the Assistant Storeman, who some time later found the Storeman, who after some delay found the Bosun. He found a "heavy" gang—ten labourers—and told them to get on with the job. Then he left them. They looked at the tanks and had a smoke. They scouted round the yard and brought spars, skids, and levers. They decided they needed rollers and, after a rest, they found some. Then one gave the first tank a push. It moved, so all the others came to see how he had done it. Then someone pushed it back, and a conference resulted. My mate and I climbed wearily into our seat; we had been there over an hour; the tanks were just as they were on our arrival. Another hour passed before the first was off the lorry, and we were, without exaggeration, three hours and ten minutes in that yard, while ten men whose earnings in an average week are £5 19s. 2d. each, talked and smoked and lazed.

I visited that yard a good many times. One day I drove in without my mate. I had seventy one-hundredweight bags of bolts. The storeman was sorry, but he had not labourers. "Where are they?" I asked. "Oh, they have every eighth day off, instead of every Sunday". "Surely not all the labourers on the same day?" I asked. "All except the shipwright labourers". So I unloaded my own lorry, and wondered what would happen if a really vital bit of work had to be done in the yard that day. A few days later, joking, I asked the men how they liked the arrangement. "Fine", they said. "We have every eighth day off; that means that six weeks out of seven we work on Sunday and have a week-day instead, but we still get double pay for Sunday!"

It was one of the most responsible men in the yard who told me that

they were seven months behind schedule. It was a standing joke that they were saving their boats for the peace celebrations. But a launching actually took place during my period of visits. I got a graphic description from half-a-dozen of the men:

> A bottle of champagne to launch her, and as much champagne for the nobs as they could drink, and beer! You should have seen the beer—the field is full of small bottles now (I confirmed that there were many dozens of them) and all free; we all queued up at the Canteen and they handed them out. And to finish up with, we all went home at two o'clock and got paid till nine.

That is verbatim. I wondered how they would celebrate if they were not seven months behind schedule.

Oversight in the Forces is a different matter. I took a machine weighing two tons into a big Naval Training Camp. It was a delicate machine. If we could have used lifting-tackle, it would have been off in ten minutes and could easily have been rolled into position. But the only lifting-tackle was near the parade-ground, and my lorry was not allowed near there, so it had to be manhandled. At first, the Stores P.O. sent three seamen to lift it off. Eventually we got an Officer on the job. He was an old sea-dog who wanted things done properly. He turned out four lecture-classes—sixty trainees, who marched smartly up to my lorry as if it had been a saluting-base. Then he sent for several ropes and a particular P.O. to tie them on. Four naval carpenters came to erect and strengthen some skids; two engineers came to grease them; finally we had sixty-two seamen, ten Petty Officers, eight civilian employees and two Lieutenants to move a two-ton machine. It all took so long that I asked the Officer in charge if we were on the ration-strength for the day. He was very sporting and sent us to the Canteen at his expense. There was plenty of food and plenty of chocolate and we did ourselves well.

There were many times, of course, when work was done efficiently and quickly, but nearly always it was in the small works; the "little man" cannot afford the luxury of idle workers. In the bigger yards and works conditions are infinitely worse than I ever imagined they could be, and the more Government control there is, the less efficiency there seems to be. There was always the trouble as to who would sign the delivery-note, and as to where the goods were to be put. There was the electrical engineer who telephoned our firm to make sure we delivered some "urgently-wanted fittings". We got there soon after seven on a Saturday morning. At 9.10 two of his workers arrived, but they would not be responsible for the stuff. I appealed to the civilian Clerk of Works and to the Admiralty Engineer-in-Residence. They could do nothing, so we waited until the foreman came, just after ten. It was Saturday and the whole place closed at four o'clock. Urgent? Well, Priority I A, Naval Aircraft Works.

Another amazing thing was the ease of access to these important places, but of that I had better not speak.

It was all great fun. I got dirty, I got tired, I was sick at heart over some of the things I saw, I sometimes came near to despair when I talked with my mates and realized that my job in life is to win them to Christ, to His way, and to His Church, but it was fun. Just to be driving four hundred miles a week was fun; meeting new people[1], learning new tricks,

[1] Not only "on the job", but the many Service-men who rode with me. What optimists they are—every week-end the road to London is thronged with them, and it never enters their head that they may not be picked up. One day I took an airman on the last stage of a ninety-mile journey that he had accomplished, entirely by lifts, in just four hours, while numbers of the men did as much as three hundred miles, all in, during their long week-ends.

even hearing new cuss-words, was fun. But most of all it was fun finding out how decent most folks are. There was Fritz, my first companion. About thirty, and as strong as a horse, he has light hair, smokes a clay-pipe, wraps his dinner in the *Daily Mirror* of the day before, and has a permanent "dew-drop". That fascinated me. It is incredible how he can work and push and pull and heave without ever losing that adornment. Fritz was the hardest worker I met; the only thing he didn't like was making out the delivery-notes, he grumbled that he was no "clurk"—yet he signed his name with a flourish, "Charles Fitzgerald"!!

I had a lot of mates; other drivers whose lorries were undergoing repairs. I admired the way they stuck to the etiquette of the business; they had been driving for years, I was the new man, but, without exception, they took the loader's place (which is the heavier end of the load) and I was always treated with the respect given to the driver! Some of them were rich with yarns of the old days, the days when lorries took some driving and when there weren't so many laws to be kept.

Perhaps the best of the men was "the boss". He had built a big business out of nothing but his own efforts; he knew the job we were doing because he had done it. I liked him first of all for being willing to trust a parson with a lorry, then I liked him because he left me alone to fight my own way. I liked him most of all because he was fair. After a couple of weeks I found I wasn't getting paid a full wage, and I wasn't getting such "extras" as "dirty-money" for carting-coal (steam-coal, in bulk, fifteen tons a day for nearly a week). I complained to the manager and then wrote to "the boss". I was very frank with him about this and other inequalities I had seen in the firm, and said to myself that if he turned me out I should not be able to grumble. But he didn't. He asked me to see him, and then explained some of his side of the business. Six or seven lorries might break down in one day when they were all already scheduled to be on a job; if every man slacked for ten minutes a day the firm lost so many pounds a week; petrol coupons; the lack of spare parts; the impossibility of buying new stock or getting new drivers. I saw light from his point of view; I saw that the Kingdom of God will clean up bad workers as well as giving them all a more worthy life—and, after all, my wrong wage was the result of a clerical error and was put right straight away. It was a good wage; I worked about sixty hours a week and was richer than I shall be for some years in the ministry.

Yes, it was fun. I left after nine weeks, fit and strong and mentally refreshed. I had met some splendid men, had heard them talk about church and parsons and their lives; I had learned that work can be hard and that it is an effort, after a week's hard work, to dress and go to church; I believe I learned things about life that will make me a better man and a better minister; Paul made tents; I wonder if lorry-driving made me just a little more like him?

TIMOTHY.

FEDERATED CHURCH

THE situation which will confront the Churches after the war will give urgency to the problem of rebuilding destroyed and damaged buildings, and to questions of inter-denominational co-operation to prevent over-lapping. Already various forms of federation and union are being canvassed. A personal pastoral experience in America might be of some use at this point.

In America federated and community churches have become so numerous that there is an organized movement which takes special interest

in them. Personally I think it will be a long time before we in this country have such community churches—a community church being the only one in a given community and without exclusive denominational connection. But I do think that we might with much profit copy the federated church idea in certain circumstances, and I say this on the basis of my experience as a pastor for three years of a federated church.

Wapping, in the State of Connecticut, is a widely scattered section of the large urban township of Windsor. Its community life is focused upon its Centre—a place where five roads converge. One of these roads is a State highway which carries a great deal of traffic. Among the buildings at the Centre there were two churches—one a Methodist Episcopal and the other Congregational. They stood within fifty yards of each other. Prior to about 1922 each church supported its own minister and had a parsonage. The membership was about equal—something under 100 each. For some time it had been felt that it was, to say the least, unbusinesslike for two small causes to struggle on trying to raise sufficient money to pay two ministers, maintain two manses, and keep two churches in repair, when all the time there was an almost complete identity of purpose. This identity of purpose was carried into practical effect in the work of the community, the programme of the Y.M.C.A., the school, and the local library.

This state of affairs went on for years—in fact, in one form or another it had existed since 1832, when the Methodist church had joined the other church on the lawns at the Centre. But around 1922 the Congregational minister left for another church, and the Methodist minister was a young and virile man who had made a place for himself among the people of both congregations. He had married the daughter of a leading Congregational family. To cut a long story short, it was decided at this juncture to attempt the experiment of federation. It was agreed, although no formal declaration was drawn up, that for the duration of the experiment there should be no time limit to any pastorate, as is the Methodist custom, but that the subsequent ministries should alternate between men of both communions. The first minister remained until 1928, and it was in that year that I, being a Congregationalist, was called to the pastorate. I will briefly describe the working of the Wapping Federated Church as I found it. Let me say it was both an instructive and a happy experience.

When the experiment began it was decided to use the Congregational Church for worship and its well planned basement for certain departments of the Sunday School. It was also agreed to use the Methodist Church as a Parish Hall. The auditorium was converted into a large gymnasium, which was often used for youth organizations, and during the winter there was a basket-ball game there every Saturday night. The Wapping Y.M.C.A. basket-ball team was a favourite in the local league, and the game on Saturday night in which they played was one of the events of the week and drew crowded audiences—entrance was 35c. each. The basement of this building was fitted out with dressing and lavatory accommodation and so renovated that it could be used for work of the Sunday School which did not take place in the other church building. It was also adapted for social events.

Each constituent church kept its own organization in being, and remained in fellowship with its own denomination. Once a year a budget for the Federated Church was approved, and half its total amount was the responsibility for each group. The Congregational manse was let, and the proceeds paid into the Federated account. The minister lived in the Methodist manse, and the upkeep charges were a liability on the Federated

account. I found this arrangement a decided convenience, as the Methodist manse possessed some useful furniture! Before the proposed budget for the year had been approved an every member canvass was made and individual members and friends invited to state what total sum during the following year they would give, and how they would give it—in one sum, in monthly amounts, or through the weekly envelope system. This canvass took place on a Sunday, commenced with a special service, and friends remained in their homes to welcome the visitor who received their pledge. In this way it was possible to work out a budget which had some relationship to probable income. It can be readily understood that by this means and by union the Federated Church had a steady income and was able to pay its minister a reasonable salary. In the matter of what the Americans call benevolences —contributions to outside organizations and missionary agencies—each church continued its usual contributions to denominational headquarters.

But before I, as a Congregationalist, could administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the Methodists in the united congregation it was necessary, from the standpoint of Methodist discipline, that I should obtain the recognition of the Methodist Church. In this case the minimum requirement took the form of a bishop's licence. The Methodist Episcopal Church of America has maintained, from the time of Coke and Asbury, the office of bishop, but his relationship to the Church is something akin to that of our own Moderators, except that he is directly responsible to the Conference to which he is attached. The Conference to which my church was connected approved of my ministerial standing in the Congregational Church as qualifying me to minister to Methodist brethren, and in due course the bishop sent me his licence—thus I had Methodist standing.

The Federated Church was governed by a Committee of Six, of which the minister was chairman. Each church appointed three representatives—the Congregational ones were usually deacons—and the committee was answerable to, and received instructions from, the Federated Church. The Federated Church had a president. Thus my pastoral relationship was of three types, and often I was amused and instructed by the ease with which I could change from one type to another in a matter of minutes. When the Congregational Church met I presided over its meeting, but when the Methodist Church held its quarterly meeting and the district superintendent came I had to play the *rôle* assigned to me and become the servant of the whole Methodist Church and answer the questions concerning the pastoral office and church discipline which were put to me. These were often routine questions of a valuable nature, but I was always secretly amused when the district superintendent would ask, "Is Brother Miner's salary paid up-to-date?" When the Federated Church had a meeting, it was under the chairmanship of the president, unless, as he sometimes did, he asked me to preside. None of these relationships ever irked me, and I came to appreciate the various valuable elements in all of them.

People who wanted to join the Church had three choices. They could join the Methodist Church, and if they were young people an elder would give them guidance on Methodist procedure, order, and history. They could join the Congregational Church. The third choice, and the one which gradually predominated, was that of joining the Federated Church. It was visualized by some that the day would come when denominational differences would have been so eliminated that the Federated Church would have in fact become an organic union and thus a true Community Church. All preparation of new members in the matter of our Christian Faith was in the

hands of the minister. The united congregation used the Methodist hymnal. I think this was done from an economic motive, as the Methodist hymnals were in a far better condition than the Congregational ones! The form of service used was one agreed to by the Committee of Six.

Although the respective denominational affiliations and forms were kept intact, gradually denominational consciousness was so attenuated that in ordinary pastoral or church work it was hardly noticeable. I was ordained in this church by the Hartford Congregational Association, but it was a great joy to me and an evidence of our unity that Methodists took part in the service and joined in "the laying on of hands". The latter incident provides me with the suggestive thought that if Wesley, as an ordained priest of the Church of England, was able to impart spiritual grace and unction to Coke and Asbury by the rite of ordination, thus making them the first bishops of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, then, perhaps, I have some very small element of that grace which comes through being in the apostolic and tactual succession!

When I left Wapping after three happy years my successor was a Methodist minister who, after a pastorate of seven years, returned to the Methodist Church as a circuit minister. He was followed by the present minister, who is a Congregationalist. Has the system worked? For me the clearest evidence of its success was in something which happened four years ago. The Methodist building was burnt to the ground. Obviously, if the Methodist friends had thought that there was any likelihood that in the future they would re-start Methodist worship apart from the Federated Church, they would have planned a building suitable for that purpose. Instead they decided to use their financial resources to build a modern parish house. So today where the old Methodist frame church stood there is a modern red brick building which houses various parish activities and is a tangible evidence of the goodwill and unity with which the two churches have worked together. If it were not for certain problems of an ecclesiastical nature, on the part of the Methodist Church authorities, there would have been complete union ere this. The local people have discovered that there are no religious incompatibilities of temperament which make impossible a very happy marriage between the two churches. But to have done as much as they have is something, and the example offers suggestive material on how to deal with some of our over-churched areas.

H. B. Miner.

CHURCH UNION IN PRACTICE

The object of the following remarks can be expressed quite briefly. It is to call attention to the large amount of denominational union which obtains among the rank and file in practice, and to ask what relation it has, or should have, to the kind of union discussed by the several committees appointed for that purpose at denominational headquarters.

Union, or federation, between one denomination and another has been for some decades a cause dear to the heart of ecclesiastical politicians. They find, however, many obstacles in their path. There are the difficulties presented by trust-deeds and endowments, though surely these are the last things which should concern a *living* Church. There are the differences of practice, which often contain, though most laymen are unconscious of them, differences of principle. Such *quaestiones* as whether a woman may be ordained, or a layman preside at the Lord's Supper, may seem petty to the outsider, but are invariably *vexatae* because of the principles they involve. Here we and the Baptists stand together; it is odd that the

Methodists, who are so alive to the value of lay *preaching*, will not allow a woman to be ordained or a layman to preside. Not running parallel with these are the differences of ethos and outlook, themselves intercrossed and made more complicated by class differences: for ourselves, *e.g.*, it is towards union with the Presbyterians that we look rather than with the Baptists, with whom historically, and in such principles as those just mentioned, our ties are closer. These and similar problems—and they are real problems—present themselves whenever the subject is approached from a theoretic angle. What is it like in practice?

In what follows I describe the state of affairs in a country town of some 5,000 souls. In other places doubtless other stories would be told, but I fancy that the position given is representative of a good many. The town's tone is High Church, and there is no co-operation whatever between the clergy and ministers save on Armistice Day, when the ceremonies are arranged by the clergy only. There is a local Free Church Ministers' Fraternal, and genuine friendliness between the Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist ministers. Their respective flocks unite on Christmas Day and Good Friday and (in peace-time) for the January week of prayer, support one another's Sunday School Anniversary *afternoon* services, and together are the backbone of the local auxiliaries of the Bible Society and other Societies. What is noticeable, however, is that there is virtually no friendliness between the individual members of any one denomination and those of any other. Within the confines of each fellowship is a good deal of friendship and intermarriage, but not outside those limits. They are quite separate communities, and their separate characteristics are reflected in their services in much the usual fashion, though to define which is cause and which effect might not be easy: the Methodists have the heartiest singing, the Baptists the longest sermons; the Congregationalists are staid chorally, but encourage thoughtful preaching. From this angle the denominational divisions are clear-cut; and there is little dealing one with another, save formally and for the good of the Dissenting Cause in a High Church town. All evidence of any tendency towards denominational union is lacking.

If, however, any *one* of the Free Churches be examined, perhaps especially the Congregational Church which I know best, it is a very different story. The Congregational Church is an old-established one, with a good tradition and a monthly (though, as usual, ill-attended) church meeting; when the pastorate is vacant it refuses to consider more than one man at a time, and distrusts Moderators. It is quite ready to have the Lord's Supper presided over by a layman, though it prefers a theological student to a layman *sans phrase*; it has two woman deacons, and is willing, though not eager, for a woman to occupy the pulpit. It thus possesses definite characteristics of its own particular faith and order. If, however, its denominational make-up be analysed, Congregationalists are found to be almost in a minority. On the diaconate they are decidedly so: the church secretary and treasurer are Congregationalists born and bred; but of the other deacons one is a Scottish Presbyterian, one a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist, one was brought up a Wesleyan Methodist, one belonged to the Salvation Army before his marriage, and one to the Church of England before his marriage. (Marriage often inevitably alters denominational allegiance in practice, however much theoretic purists may lament the fact.) Among the members and attenders there is naturally a hard core of Congregationalists, made up largely of those who have grown up in the Church and have never left the town; but there is also a considerable number of others, who include Baptists, Calvinistic Methodists, Presbyterians, a Unitarian, and an appreciable number of Low Anglicans, who find all the

parish churches too high for them and, like so many Anglican *laymen*, are more concerned with preaching than with episcopal ordination. Here is Church Union in practice—if not in government (for the diaconate loyally observes the Congregational tradition), at least in worship, and regular worship; while, as may be expected, the same medley is even more observable among the evacuees and soldiers who attend the church more transiently. The minister is rightly chary of "poaching" from other denominational preserves, but there seems little general sense of denominational "loyalty"; people settle where they "feel most at home", and sometimes tell inquirers they have "gone the round". Not all, of course, find what they want at the Congregational Church; the other Free Churches would probably show an equal denominational mixture. In general, the divisions between the Churches, as they affect the rank and file (not always consciously), seem in practice to be largely temperamental, according as they provide the kind of thing people are used to, or feel they need.

I am less concerned to answer questions than to present a state of affairs which surely poses them. How far is this mixing up together good? Most lay people think it is *very* good. What should be its relation, as a fact, to church membership, where this is sought, or thought desirable by the minister? How far is Congregational Church membership permissible to those who definitely do not hold Congregational Church principles, but wish to worship and work with a particular Congregational Church? What bearing should this voluntary denominational mixing up have on the discussions and conclusions of the experts at headquarters? Whatever the experts say, there will always be many people who will go to the church where they are "most at home", be its denominational label what it may. Should this be neglected as the anomaly which in theory it may be, or should it be taken into account as a factor in the actual situation? Does it point towards a union, not so much on a historical, theoretic basis of fighting every inch before yielding cherished principles, or on a paper agreement in which an order of words is excogitated, intentionally to be understood in different senses, as on a more practical, psychological basis of provision for different temperamental types and varying needs? Dale, one remembers, was not afraid to differentiate between Congregationalism and the Salvation Army on a basis of this kind. Does not the confession of "going the round" suggest there is a genuine spirit of "seeking" abroad, which is on, or may be lifted to, a more spiritual level than denominational politics? Is there an especial opportunity for Congregational Churches, with our tradition of freedom, both, while remaining at present denominational, to be the welcomer of such "seekers", and also for the future to become the nursing-mother of this kind of Church Union more at large?

ANON.

YOUTH IN THE VILLAGE

OURS is a village church. Even in large churches Sunday School workers are never numerous, but we have only a very small community from which to draw. Hence the minister finds himself with the boys' class on Sunday afternoons. Scout and Guide organizations belong to the village, but are virtually claimed by the Church of England. Parents are too often indifferent as to church attendance, and children in many instances attend the chapel Sunday School but are later gathered by the vicar for Confirmation, after which they, like their parents, cease to attend any form of public worship unless it be at Easter or Christmas. In this way both Church and Chapel fail to win the allegiance of youth to those things for which both

stand. It does appear that if loyalty is not won first of all for the lesser thing like Church or Chapel, then loyalty to Christ is not easy to come by. For this reason it is desirable to win the loyalty of the children to *a* church that loyalty may develop and grow and finally be linked on to the Master. Therefore I have welcomed a recent development in our Sunday School work.

The value of these new ideas is that they originate with the children and are, as far as is possible, carried out by them. (Scouts and Guides, by the by, seem to have faded out for the present.) It was a boy who came to us from the Parish Church who asked one Sunday if we could have a Sunday School Club. Asked what he had in mind for the Club to do, he suggested craft classes, concerts, a garden *fête,* and of course they would have games-nights too. The idea seemed excellent, and the minister gave a cautious assent. By the following Sunday news had spread through the village that we were to have a club. A church meeting being fortunately due about this time, the suggestion was brought forward and approved. Offers of help came from unexpected quarters—one to teach leather work, another how to put new cane bottoms in chairs, another for weaving, and so on. The children would brook no further delay, so the first business meeting was held. Who should be President? This was easy. The minister, of course. Secretary, Treasurer, Committee? How often have work or play? Rules were few, but these young folk had their ideas. First, that this Club was for those who attend our Sunday School, and second, that they should pay 1d. per week. Primary children may come free if there are others in the family.

This was nearly a year ago. The Club gave a concert at Christmas and raised £3 for church funds. One youth with ideas of his own part in the concert presented the leader with a problem as to how to change his ideas without crushing his enthusiasm. She had no need to fear. The Committee dealt faithfully with him. He did stay away for a week or two, but was soon back again all the better for the experience. Our aim is to give the children all possible freedom. Their Committee must be consulted on all things and is treated with the utmost respect. The suggestion that they might decorate the church for Easter was taken up with great gusto, and before we knew what they were about the "inner cabinet" came along to say that they had collected 12s. and got the promise of a lily, and could they be taken in the car to a certain nursery where carnations could be bought? They not only decided what they wanted, but went further and told us who the sick folk were who were to have flowers sent to them.

They have just celebrated the end of the Easter holiday with a Club social, and *they* got the lemonade they wanted, *they* got milk and made milk shakes. They began with a short concert, some elders whose help was asked were in the secret, but some items were their own.

A few weeks ago we were presented with another request. Could they have a Juvenile Library? Once again the scheme was already worked out. To open two nights a week from 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. About 100 books were already promised. A card system in use at a certain day school was to be adopted, and the charge for books was already in mind. What could we do but agree?

This is open to the children of the village because, as our Committee suggested, "If the Church children come in, the Chapel gets the money anyhow"! This library has been duly advertised in the village by posters made by the promoters. And so the Chapel buildings are becoming the centre of the activities of the village children, and one watches and hopes

and prays that loyalty to the Club and the Sunday School will lead to the greater loyalties which make for Life indeed.

GORDON N. HALL.

AN EXPERIMENT IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

IN the rude stirring of our complacency which the war has brought nothing has become more apparent than the real need among our people of enlightened Christian opinion. As Miss Dorothy Sayers has pointed out, so few have a sound grasp of the fundamental dogmas: and, equally deplorable, so few have learned to look with intelligent Christian eyes upon contemporary events and problems. While in the outside world there is room for first-class, up-to-date Christian propaganda, within the Christian Church there is real place for modern religious education. There is a widespread ignorance of simple facts—the facts of modern Biblical scholarship, of Church history, of missionary enterprise, of denominational organization, of the ecumenical movements, of Christian social service, of Christian literature. Nor can one pretend that our people have a grasp of Christian thought in its abiding assertions or in its changing emphases.

There are, of course, many books and many periodicals of value, but very few have the mind or the time to read. For the majority what the minister has to say on Sunday is the only source of instruction. And regular Church attendance is not possible for a great number. Not only so, but from the point of view of both minister and layman the sermon has considerable limitations as to style and matter. Increasingly, therefore, there have been formed discussion groups, classes, cells, to meet the new need. But these have had their difficulties, largely in that many who would like to attend simply cannot in these times.

A Congregational Church in Glasgow has for six months tried an experiment which may suggest a way out for some. It has proved very successful within one congregation and has attracted some attention outside. Each week, for the following Sunday, the minister has prepared and run off on a duplicator a two-page quarto leaflet or news-letter, giving copies to those who have asked for them. The distribution has been free, though at the end of three months it has been suggested that those who cared and could might give a few pence to meet costs. The costs are actually very small—two or three shillings a week. The acceptance of a leaflet carried no further obligation, but a discussion group was formed to meet after evening service for those who were able to attend. The matter of the leaflet of the preceding Sunday was the subject of discussion.

The aim of this experiment was to meet the need indicated above—to provide information in brief outline form about the activities of the Christian Church today, to indicate trends of modern Christian thought, to suggest Christian solutions of or stimulate discussion about contemporary problems and matters of interest, to draw attention to suitable literature for those who wished to read and study.

Perhaps the titles of some of the leaflets may indicate the scope:

The Hope of a New World.
The Purpose of Schooling.
The Religious Education of the Young.
Church Membership.
The Foundations of Peace—the Ten Points.
Pacifism—an Analysis.

Missions in the World Today.
Sunday Observance—the Issues.
Colour Bar.
The Value of the Old Testament.
The Problem of Minorities.
The Jew.
The Future of Independency.
A Gospel for Work.
A Gospel for Leisure.
Equality.
The Family as a Social Unit.
India and our Responsibility.

There is no lack of material for the production of such a weekly leaflet.

It might be added that copies of the leaflets have been sent to those on active service and have been received with appreciation.

R. F. CALDER.

NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS, *ETC.*

The English Poems of John Milton appear in a new "World's Classics" edition (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.), with an Introduction by Mr. Charles Williams and a "Reader's Guide to Milton" by Mr. Walter Skeat. Lord Lothian's Burge Memorial Lecture, delivered in 1935, *Pacifism is Not Enough* (*Nor Patriotism Either*) is reprinted by the Oxford Press (1s.), with a Preface by Sir William Beveridge. Lord Maugham has written another Preface for the new edition of his "Indictment of Hitler", *Lies as Allies* (Oxford Press, 6d.).

LECTURES, PAMPHLETS, *ETC.*

THE Swarthmore Lecture has kept up a high level, and Mr. E. B. Castle's *The Undivided Mind* (Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d. & 1s. 6d.) is not unworthy of its predecessors: its quotations alone are a liberal education. The S.C.M. (6d. each) has published Dr. J. H. Oldham's broadcast talks, *The Root of our Troubles,* and the Dean of Chichester's *The Soul of Czechoslovakia. Unity, Peace and Concord* (S.C.M., 1s.) is an appeal to the Christian Churches for unity, written on behalf of youth by Mr. Neville Hobson, who has worked with young people for over 30 years. Two new *"Christian News-Letter* Books" (Sheldon Press, 1s. 6d. each) are the Rev. C. J. Strang's excellent *Japan in the World Crisis* and Dr. Karl Barth's *Letter to Great Britain from Switzerland.* Sir William Bragg's Riddell Memorial Lecture, *Science and Faith* (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.), is suggestive, as is all his work, and the same is true of Lord Samuel's Herbert Spencer Lecture, *Democracy, Its Failings and Its Future* (Oxford Press, 1s.). Dr. G. W. Keeton argues *The Case for an International University* (Watts, 6d.). Clericus's Open Letter to the Archbishop of York, *The Crisis in the Church* (Watts, 6d.), blames the Church of England for its timidity and "white elephant organization", and urges that it become a living, educational force.

ALSO RECEIVED.

Let The Bible Help You. Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. 1,500 Scripture Selections.
The Pocket Padre. S.C.M. 4d.
To Bring You Cheer. Things Grave and Gay. Henderson. 3d.

F. N. TRIBE

By Dr. J. D. Jones, C.H., M.A.

The Old Guard of Congregationalism is rapidly disappearing. The men who were foremost in the work of our denomination twenty-five years ago have almost all "passed on". What men they were!—Albert Spicer, C. W. Toms, Halley Stewart, W. A. Hounsom, Gerard Ford, Alexander Glegg, James Carmichael, Murray Hyslop—men of whom any denomination might well be proud. I happened the other day to look through the list of the laymen who attended the luncheon on behalf of the Forward Movement at which Mr. Baldwin (as he was then) spoke, and who by contributing £22,000 made the success of that movement secure—scarcely one of them is left! Congregationalism has been sadly impoverished during the years that have since elapsed, and as yet younger men have not appeared to fill in places these big men left vacant. And now, Frank Tribe has gone. He was almost the last of that great generation.

I had known F. N. Tribe for nearly fifty years. For at least forty of them I counted him amongst the closest and best of my friends. I made his acquaintance when I was minister at Lincoln. Urijah Thomas was then minister at Redland Park, and with his usual kindness to young men he invited me to preach to his young people. I was the guest on that occasion of the Tribe family, and it was then my friendship with Frank Tribe began. I am not sure that he was married then, but when he did marry and set up house for himself, that home of his became my Bristol home. The occasions on which I was a guest in that delightful home are almost beyond count. We occasionally spent a holiday together. I remember one such holiday we spent together, his family and mine, at Amberley Ridge. He was my room-companion in pilgrimages across the Atlantic. These times of intimate companionship helped me to know Frank Tribe, and the better I knew him the more I esteemed and loved him.

No account of F. N. Tribe would be complete which did not mention the influence of Urijah Thomas upon him. Urijah Thomas, who was a bachelor all his days, lived in the Tribe household, and the influence of his genial, radiant personality helped to make the younger members of that household what they afterwards became. He left his mark deep upon Frank, who owed his Christian faith and his devotion to the Christian Church to the teaching and example of that beloved minister.

For Frank Tribe was a deeply Christian man. Like many others, he was shy of speaking about his faith, but it lay behind all he was and all he did. There were no "frills" about him—no show, no pretence, no parade. He was just solid integrity and truth. He was sound metal all through. By life and conduct he commended the Gospel.

He was a figure in the life of Bristol. In his own profession he stood high. He was a city magistrate. He was still more of a figure in the Congregational life of Bristol. Bristol had been a famous Congregational city. There were great and good men connected with our various churches. But for long years now Frank Tribe had been the representative Bristol layman. What he was to Redland Park Church only those connected with that Church can really tell: he loved it and served it with a pure and unreserved devotion. All its ministers—Urijah Thomas, Arthur Furner, David Walters, W. G. Jenkins, R. W. Thompson—found in him a loyal helper

and staunch friend. Every Sunday while strength permitted him to attend, it fell to him to give out the notices.

But Redland Park was not the limit of his interest. He was a keen L.M.S. man. He served for years as a Director of the Society. He had a direct and personal interest in the foreign missionary enterprise, for his sister, Dr. Ethel Tribe (now Mrs. Timothy Richard), served for several years as a medical missionary in China.

He was active in Congregational affairs. He became Chairman of our Congregational Council, and an efficient Chairman he proved himself to be. He was a Director of our Insurance Company; he was the Treasurer of the Coward Trust. In each of these offices he served with that quiet efficiency so characteristic of him. I think he specially enjoyed his work on the Coward Trust. It was a real joy to him to have a share in the gracious work of helping struggling churches and ministers. All these activities of his were public property. But really to know Frank Tribe he had to be seen in his home. He was singularly blest in his home life. He had a wife who was a true helpmeet to him—a woman of infinite charm—who made Avonleigh not only a haven of happiness and peace for her husband, but also a delightful place for all who were privileged to be guests within its walls. The passing of his wife—a good many years ago—was the greatest sorrow of his life. They had a son of whom they were justly proud. That son, who bears his father's name, after a distinguished career at Oxford, entered the Civil Service and has reached a position of high importance. I hope the father heard the news, before death claimed him, that in the latest list of honours a K.B.E. had been conferred upon his son. Apart from that great sorrow of the loss of his wife, I think it would be true to say that Frank Tribe had a happy life. He prospered in his profession. He enjoyed good health until these later years. He had a number of devoted friends. He had real pleasure in his service both of his church and his denomination. I like to recall him too in his days of relaxation. More than once he accompanied Silvester Horne and myself on those country tours we used to take each year for the encouragement of our smaller churches. We worked afternoon and evening—Tribe generally presiding at the evening meeting. But in the morning we played—golf. What Homeric battles we fought and what fun we had. It was generally a case of Horne and I against Tribe and some other layman—the Church against the World, as Horne put it. The love of a good game remained with him till he was approaching the allotted span. Who that witnessed them will ever forget those deck-tennis matches which he and my daughter as partners fought in the tournament on the *Celtic* pilgrimage and how they beat one couple after another until they emerged victors in the final? Dear Frank Tribe —so healthy and sane and trusty—he will be sorely missed. For his friends the world will be a poorer place now he is gone. Bristol will seem a strange place without him. We shall thank God upon every remembrance of him. He had served faithfully the counsel of God in his generation. We shall remember him gratefully as a great Christian and a dear friend.

ON LIFE AND BOOKS.

THANK GOD FOR CRICKET!

It has been a glorious Saturday, and I have spent the afternoon in the only proper way for an Englishman—on the cricket field. It is nine o'clock, and the sun is still shining; I am conscious of a happy physical fatigue, and, with the July *Congregational Quarterly* at my side, I lazily turn my thoughts to the October issue. Before me lies a plaintive appeal, "We had no cricket in the *C.Q.* last year. Don't let 1941 pass without an article. If there are no Test or County games to describe, why not some of your own cricket reminiscences?"

Was any Eve's apple more rosy? Even the painful knowledge that no bore is as boring as the sports bore does not enable me to resist temptation on a day like this. Nor does the knowledge that some of our readers are high-brows, to whom cricket is but a game or a waste of time, and others uneducated persons, who do not know the difference between coverpoint, counterpoint, and the calculus. Is there anything more devastating than a conversation with a man who does not know even the elementary terminology of a game? "This is our pro. coming along", said the enthusiast. "He took 6 wickets for four on Saturday". "Then why doesn't he get his eyes seen to?" was the reply. Or when two are watching a game together and there is a change of bowling. "Fancy putting on a bowler like that!" says the village Hobbs to his friend, who indignantly retorts, "Well, it's as good as your old trilby any day".

But reminiscences? I never realized before what a shock it was to be asked for reminiscences: the implication is that achievements are of the past only, that one dwells in the years of long ago and no longer does things; the request drives home the inexorability of time, the ineluctable truth that the hour draws swiftly near when the dread words will issue from reluctant lips, "You may as well give these boots away; I shan't use them again". Perhaps while the fingers can still spin a ball and there is still joy in the stolen run, I may indulge myself, warning those whose thoughts are on things above cricket to pass on to the book reviews, and hoping that others will welcome a few minutes' relief from the strain and tension of war-time.

Strangely enough, I remember very little about my school cricket. I do remember the first time ever I played for the School in the full glory of flannels on the Heckmondwike cricket field, for I scored only 3, and missed a sitter at point and wanted the ground to swallow me up. I dropped a similar catch at Caterham on Whitmonday, and it was like a death knell; the friendly remark, "By Jove, you don't often drop them", only emphasized the inevitable, that eyes and hands were not the same, and I had to say to myself, "You missed one like that over 40 years ago. It is indeed time you retired".

Even in those far-off days, however, I had begun to get out lbw. I must have been like the Pudsey schoolboy in the days when Sutcliffe was every Pudsey lad's hero; Sutcliffe's legs have frequently been in front of the wickets at the wrong time, and when this boy was out lbw twice in succession a spectator remarked, "Tha's getten that stroke o' Erbert's off all reight". I must have been out lbw several hundred times in my life, and sometimes, I admit, I really have been out—perhaps six or seven!

Two experiences from my school-days I remember well. One was on 31st May, 1902, the only time in my life I ever fainted. It was Peace Day after the South African War, and Yorkshire were playing the Australians at Leeds. I had walked the ten miles or so from home after an early breakfast; there was a record crowd, and I have never been so squeezed before or since; in front of me a man began smoking foul tobacco; and the next I knew was that I was being passed over the heads of the people. I recovered at once, and soon got my first and only glimpse of Victor Trumper.

My other memory—some day I must look up *Wisden* to fix the date and see how far the details are correct—is of the last day of a Surrey *v.* Yorkshire match at Bradford. Yorkshire began the day well ahead, but some excellent Surrey batting pulled the game round. V. F. S. Crawford scored a thrilling 110, lifting Rhodes seven times over the football pavilion, and was then caught out knee high by Frank Mitchell going full speed along the boundary—one of the most electrifying catches I have seen. The wicket was good, and the early Yorkshire batsmen thought that they had a chance to get the 314 they were set to win between lunch and the drawing of stumps. Soon 4 wickets were down for 65, and there was only a draw to hope for. It was a grim struggle; Lord Hawke and Haigh batted for a long time, risking nothing: Richardson and Lockwood—there were giants in those days, even in Surrey!—bowled like men possessed; I remember the comic relief when Richardson came pounding along, the ball slipped from his hand and flew high over Haigh's head; Haigh foolishly lifted his bat on high, the ball crashed against it, and went flying to the boundary for the only four for an hour. The final score was 157 for 7, after a day of scintillating, fluctuating cricket of the best type.

I might, with coaching, have been good enough to play for my University at Leeds, but it would have been more expensive than playing for my town team, and shillings were scarce at that time. How well I remember my first games in the Spen Valley League with the Gomersal First XI! We had "neutral" umpires, and in three games I had three wrong decisions, two against me and one in my favour. I had a sensitive conscience in those days, and wondered what it was right to do when given "not out" when I knew I was out. Before long I decided it was as well to obey the umpire, and let things average themselves out. Of course, when the mistake was blatant, other means could be adopted; not long before the War an umpire gave me "not out" when I was caught at slip because he had been unsighted by the bowler; then it seemed right to throw my wicket away as quickly as possible. My conscience also troubled me in other ways. The team generally travelled by wagonette to away matches, and on the way home generally stopped at a public-house for a drink; most of them were artisans, Saturday was their night off, and sometimes the stay was prolonged; I neither visited public-houses, nor had I the time to spend, for examinations of one sort and another were always in the offing; so, although it made me feel priggish and superior, I often walked home or travelled in some other way. It also troubled me because I knew that every Friday night in the local clubs my name went into the hat for the cricket sweepstake; each of the eleven participants (at, say, a shilling a time) drew a name from the hat, and the one whose name headed the scores won the sweep and cleared ten shillings. At even this association with gambling the Nonconformist conscience jibbed. Another worry was the fact that frequently in church on Sunday, especially during the minister's "long prayer", I used to find my mind straying to the cricket of the day before. Without knowing anything of psychology I found the solution of

that problem; in my bath on Saturday night I would go over the incidents of the game—some of the happiest and most peaceful moments of my life have been spent thus—and somehow cricket ceased to intrude on Sundays.

The first of the three games was at Scholes, where the home team got well into the third hundred before declaring. When I went in we were 58 for 5, with defeat not very far away. For an hour I managed to defend, with an elderly bowler as my companion. There was no purpose in taking risky runs, and so my surprise may be imagined when I was given out when well behind the wicket after a comfortable two; in my innocence I had not noted that the umpire was from the team bracketed with us at the head of the League. The impression was such that I remember his name to this day.

Other matches of the time stand out in my memory; one on the little Staincliffe field where on a Saturday afternoon to our 251 for 9 they responded with 226 for 8. The wicket, treated with marl, was perfect; the only ball which kicked during the day broke the shoulder of my bat, so that I was caught at slip when 36. That afternoon, too, I took one of those spectacular catches which look marvellous but about which one knows nothing at all; I was fielding mid-off and threw myself at a lovely straight drive which never rose more than a foot from the ground; I went rolling over towards the bowler and somehow found I had the ball in my hand, and rose and dusted myself to utterly undeserved applause.

Later in the year we had to meet Morley in the Heavy Woollen Cup. Morley had a fine team, and had carried all before them in the Yorkshire Council, with the aid of two fine opening bowlers; one of them I forget, the other was a left-arm bowler of the Rhodes type named Pratt. Our team had the reputation of doing well if they got a good start, and many were the appeals to Sam Robinson and myself as we opened the innings. Robinson was a lovely free batsman, one of the best I have seen in local cricket; he was an ideal No. 4, but a bit too risky for No. 1. However, we stuck together until a change of bowling was called for, and then he was out, having scored 29 out of the first 34. I soon followed, for the change bowler was a type I always detested (it is so late in the day now that secrets can be given away), fast to medium, swinging in with the left arm. I may have added one or two to my five, but we were all out for 69, and lost by 8 wickets. Morley's success that year merely proved what all Yorkshiremen ought to know, that length bowling is the secret of success; Pratt and his colleague gave nothing away, every ball dropped on the spot, every run had to be fought for.

The following week we had to play Heckmondwike, on the ground school cricket had made familiar to me. This time it was my turn to set the pace; I had two fours and a three to leg before Robinson began, and I was then bowled off my pads by Clayton Jowett, to the accompaniment of a surly remark from the slips, where Yeadon, the Heckmondwike pro., who acted as school coach, was fielding: "Ah've telled tha mony a time tha can't get ivry ball away ta t'leg". True, O King, but I still try whenever there is half a chance.

After this season I went to Oxford, then to Bradford, and for four years played tennis, and no cricket. It was therefore a surprise to me when I settled at Great Harwood to receive a deputation asking me to play with the town club. I explained that I had played no cricket for four years, and was no good, but at last I yielded, largely because I thought it might increase my acquaintance and my influence in a small Lancashire town. I agreed with some hesitation, for unless a parson is at least up to the standard of his team, he had better show his interest in some other way.

And if I began to wonder whether I had been wise, how much more the officials, for I made my *début* with three ducks! We played in the Ribblesdale League, and my first game was at Padiham. Right away I got a ball from the Padiham pro. which would have been too good for me at any time, and when quite out of practice beat me neck and crop: it was a fast inswinger which straightened on pitching and had me lbw (one of the 6 or 7 times above mentioned). Fortunately a good catch endeared me to our best bowler and showed I was not an absolute dud, and my third duck was redeemed by an entirely unexpected 7 for 6 with the ball. It was immediately decided that I was a bowler and no bat, and my Yorkshire friends would have been as amused to see me going on to bowl first as to see me batting No. 10 or No. 11. By the time the War stopped cricket I had worked round to normal, going in as a steady No. 1 and acting as change bowler. While it lasted it was great fun; when we were playing Darwen I went in No. 10 or No. 11, and Toone the pro., who had played for Essex, had been put on to intimidate the rabbits with his fast stuff; he bowled me a couple of short overs on the leg stump, the balls I loved best in the world, for then my eyes were good, and I could take them off my eyebrows without flinching; his face was a sight to behold as ball after ball went to the leg boundary.

Cricket is one of war's casualties, and Great Harwood cricket did not resume in 1919. I was 35 when I came to Clapton in 1922, and again I wondered if cricket would help me with my young men and be any use in my ministry. But 35? However, an early 84 gave me a start, and I have had a pleasant nineteen years since then, seeing boys in their 'teens grow up into married men whose wives and children come to watch the games, and winning many friends.

When I had been ten years at Clapton Park the magazine carried a series of articles on the decade's work. One of them was written by the captain of the Cricket XI, and it was of interest to compare his recollections with my own. A match that stood out in his memory was an away game when, with a score 65 for 9 against a total of 68, I was joined by our No. 11, a Rover resident in the district who had come to watch the game and been roped in to fill a vacancy. The bowling had been good, and I had managed to score only 28 from the beginning of the innings, but the bowlers made the mistake of rating a substitute too cheaply; he not only held up his end until we had passed our opponents' score, but until the end of the game, when we had added 100 runs and were still unbeaten.

Another outstanding game was one in which we had been put out for 30, and our team needed to be convinced we had a chance of winning. They fielded magnificently, and we had six runs to spare; and there is a Bank Holiday memorable in annals of the Club, when we scored 91 before lunch without loss, my share being 76.

Those ten years brought my age to 45, and every season ended with a query whether it should be the last. But reasons for going on could always be found, especially if one could feel that not yet was one quite a passenger. August 31st, 1935, proved a memorable day. After a month of hard wickets, we came to one which had been saturated by rain, and was as dead as a sponge. Our first wicket fell with the score at 7, and as I passed the outgoing batsman he said, "I don't know what's the matter; I can't time them at all". I soon found out; the two bowlers, fairly fast, had failed altogether to realize how different was the pace of the wicket from that of recent weeks; they were sending down balls which would have been of good length on hard wickets; but now were so short and coming off so slowly that even a half-blind man of 48 had plenty of time to pull each ball to leg or

turn it round the corner. In no time I was in the forties; and when our stylish No. 2 was out for 40 at 104, I was over 50, with six boundaries. I had long ceased to think about centuries, although between 1922 and 1930 I had been in the eighties and nineties many times. Even now I conceived it to be almost impossible, for the bowling had now considerably improved; furthermore, wickets were falling, and in the interests of the side it was necessary to score quickly. The runs proved tremendously hard to get; after 72, I see from the score before me, there was not a 4, not even a 3; but finally the 100 was reached, and we could declare with a score of 187 for 8.

This incident, which was duly chronicled in the press, gave rise to speculation on the growth of legend. Six weeks after the match I was preaching in South Wales, where I was shown a paragraph in a local paper which said, "During this season he has scored *several centuries against very good bowling*"!! If that can happen in 6 weeks in the twentieth century, what could happen in 60 years in the first? I had a comparable experience in Great Harwood last year, when a stranger stopped and asked if I still played cricket, and then turned to my host and said, "Do you know, he was once playing for Harrod, and he took fower wickets for nowt?" Now I have not the slightest recollection of this and do not think it ever happened. If only I live another twenty years I may hear that I once played for Yorkshire, my great ambition when I was a boy. One of Yorkshire's greatest all-rounders bore my name, so there is no telling what legend may arise!

The right time to retire would, of course, have been after this century. I am glad I didn't, because a year or two later I bowled on a wicket the like of which I have never seen; it was, I imagine, something after the sticky wickets which Melbourne knows. Late in the innings I was robbed of the satisfaction of taking all ten wickets, a feat I have never performed, but I had 9 for 17, and have never known a ball perform such antics: it seemed to turn at right angles or to rear like a horse almost of malice aforethought: ever since I have looked in vain for a wicket like it.

In recent years I have occasionally taken an XI to play the School at Caterham. It was my hope to take a team of Congregational ministers who could give the boys a good game, but the Congregational minister who plays cricket is as hard to find as a Parker or a Spurgeon. My first experience was an unhappy one: a College which shall be nameless had sent me "two good opening bowlers"; the School's opening batsmen scored 55 in the first six overs! We never recovered from that start, and were mercilessly slaughtered. Theological Colleges obviously are not cricket nurseries.

No school story ever provided a more exciting finish than another Caterham game. We had declared and left the School 90 minutes to get 115 runs; when the time came for the last over they had lost 6 wickets and needed 9 runs to win. We had no chance of victory, but could prevent the scoring of those nine runs, and the boys were equally resolved to get them. I called on my most reliable bowler. The first ball the batsman rightly took a sharp run; the second they tried another, and a fieldsman, who should have been summarily executed, shied violently at the wicket and made it into a five! Four balls to go, three runs needed. In the excitement one of the safest of fieldsmen dropped a catch in the slips, and with the fourth ball a wicket fell. 2 balls, 3 runs! But the fifth ball produced a boundary —pandemonium, and a well-deserved triumph for the School.

On Whitmonday this year I thought we should have the pleasure of beating the School, which was surprising as the scratch XI had been drawn from far and near and had never played together. School wickets

fell quickly, but then I set the team a bad example—all too faithfully followed—by dropping the catch aforementioned, and the tail-enders were allowed to lift the score to 125. The boys could not resist my slows, and allowed me, not bowling at all well, to take 4 for 26. Our opening pair put on 50 without loss, but the tea interval proved disastrous. Then one youngster in my XI ran out a fellow-schoolboy, and followed that up by calling me for a second run which returned me to the pavilion before I had received a single ball—the shortest innings I have ever played—and we were all out for 107.

In the new edition of P. F. Warner's *Cricket* I notice that he comments on the failure of youngsters to run properly. That I have noticed again and again: they do not back up, they do not know how to call, they have no understanding even with members of their own teams. For many years there played with the Clapton Park team a deacon, a fine all-round cricketer of nearly my own age; we used to take runs those half our age would never attempt; we were never run out when together, but often when in with youngsters who had never been taught how to run.

And so we come to cricket in another war-time. Last year I had two games only, and almost decided I should not play again. But the old Club is still carrying on, though most of its members who have grown up with me are now serving with the Forces; I felt that I ought to do anything I could to keep the Club going until they return, although I scarcely looked forward to playing with men who knew not Joseph and might regard me as a passenger only. Therefore I turned out this afternoon, for a game I think most of us will not forget easily. We were playing a team rather about our class, with some fine batsmen. They won the toss, and when the score was 21 for 1 I was asked to bowl, and started with an exciting over. I cannot tell how the first two balls bowled the batsmen, but so they did; they were on the short side and turned just enough to beat the bat, and must somehow have been deceptive in flight. The hat-trick eluded me, but the seventh ball had the batsman caught on the square leg boundary. 3 for 0 in one over was certainly enough to be going on with, and a greater surprise to no one more than to myself. But there was swift retribution. A wicket fell at each end, and then two men began to hit. I had safe men in the deep and bowled for them. One of the batsmen had the impertinence to hit me for 6; that always rouses a slow bowler, and makes him resolve to get the offender's wicket the next ball; it is surprising how often this succeeds, for the batsman either tries to repeat the stroke or becomes strained and ultra-cautious. I bowled the same ball with a little more flight and spin; he tried the same drive and was beautifully caught on the boundary with hands stretched high in the air. Then to everybody's consternation the umpire gave the batsman "Not out" on the ground that the fieldsman had stretched his arms over the boundary. The umpire was, of course, quite wrong; the M.C.C.'s instructions to umpires are quite clear, and a fieldsman makes a legitimate catch even if he is leaning against the boundary. But the umpire's word is law, the batsman stayed, the fieldsmen were rattled, the bowler was annoyed, and the over cost 21 runs, changing a respectable analysis of 4 (or 5) for 20 into 4 for 41. Against a score of 102 we got 95. My share was 4 in a partnership of 30; I was smartly thrown out from mid off, having forgotten a man of 54 cannot turn as swiftly as a youth of 20!

One or two observations may conclude these glimpses into forty years' cricket—or should I say fifty? It is, I think, the eyes that fail one first, and this leads to loss of co-ordination between brain, eye, and muscle. I was never much good at driving—I remember only one six in the last

twenty years—and now I never dare to drive, for I am not sure I am getting to the pitch of the ball. And almost all my off strokes were acquired rather than natural, and I find these are dropping away with the years—I do not get my foot across and fall into mistakes I had taught myself to avoid. And lately—*horresco referens*—I have both been bowled by a full pitch and missed a long hop!

The other observation is of a different kind. I have seen many parsons at Lord's and at the Oval during the last twenty years; I have seen very few with their young fellows on Saturday afternoons. One Anglican Vicar I met who always umpires for his team, an example I venture to commend. Good umpires, these pages will already have suggested, are rare; if clergy and ministers would be willing to serve in this capacity, they would not only improve the game, but they would have the opportunity to win the friendship and the allegiance of their young men.

Finally, thank God for cricket, say I. Without it life would have been infinitely poorer.

ALBERT PEEL.

WORTH NOTING FROM RECENT BOOKS

BRITISH people are always slow starters, as we have learnt once again in the course of the past few years. The same thing is true of the Church in this land. It is not ready to undertake its true mission. The Bishop of Bristol wrote recently that it "has become so entangled in its own machinery, so preoccupied with the mint and cummin of ecclesiasticism, that it has lost its prophetic note". And that is the very note which it needs today. For the Church militant, unlike modern armies, is not made more efficient by mechanization. But the war is working a change and the challenge of a new situation should reveal, as it does in other spheres, the things that are of supreme value.

L. E. ELLIOTT-BINNS, *Jeremiah.*

I wish to make it quite clear that the word Christianity as frequently used throughout this book is always meant to denote the teaching of Jesus Christ, and never refers to any particular Church.

Neither for a number of years before nor during the present war, have the Churches been able to make of the gospel, whose guardians they are, an active power in the life of the nation nor to provide that spiritual leadership that might have been expected from them. In saying this, I do not wish to imply any criticism, but am merely stating facts which the Churches themselves would be the last to deny.

It is equally a truism to say that ever since the last war, many of the best Christians in this country have turned away from their Churches and have tried to live their faith in a non-denominational way. Whatever the reasons for this state may be, the fact remains that some of the best Christian efforts come from sources completely unrelated to the Churches.

Though in the past the Christian aspects of British civilization may have been inseparable from the work of the Churches, to-day this is hardly the case. I should therefore like the reader to bear in mind that all allusions to Christian matters have a completely non-denominational character and refer to the essence of the Christian teaching and not to what has become of it in the hands of the Churches.

ROM LANDAU, *We Have Seen Evil.*

The Church, of course, has an answer to the charge of refusing to be poor. The smallest estimate of her capital is £200,000,000, the income from which is needed to pay clergymen, run schools and the thousand other details of a huge organization. She wanders down curious paths for one who calls herself Christian, but from the point of view of a business her outlook is unassailable. If her leaders wore bowler hats all surprise at her attitude would vanish.

The real explanation is simple. The Church began as a company of convinced and virile men drawn together by an inward urge. They did not consider it necessary to own houses and land in Jerusalem in order to finance the work. The early disciples were exhilarated by the proofs of divine friendship and were anxious to pass them on. To such, wealth would have been a hindrance.

This is no longer true of a large number of clergymen. They belong to a great profession, to an organized and dignified community, though it is becoming much less popular since congregations shrank. It has power in its gift for its leaders, honour and position at State Banquets and favourable notice in *The Times*. . . .

I do not see the Church as dead, only crippled by indigestion. It has lived on a diet of gold, which automatically closes the doors through which Spirit descends upon man. An institution can never give worship: it is too vast, too inhuman, too mercenary. And the profession of clergyman has failed. This is not the fault of the men, who are often magnificently Christian. It is the fault of a stupid system, which turns raw youths into shepherds at an age when they have just left school. A curate, like an army cadet, is the greenest of all green vegetables. Quite rightly, we refuse to sit under him. He has nothing of value to impart. Later, when he has learned about men, he is in danger of a too-great loyalty to a static way of life. His instincts pull him towards God, but his Theological College stands book in hand at the gate. This often leads to agony.

No man should be allowed into the Church until he has proved he can earn a living for at least five years. He would then start with the respect of his parishioners.

JULIAS DUGUID, *I Am Persuaded.*

DURING the long struggle for the abolition, first of the trade in slaves and finally of chattel slavery itself, most of the Bishops in the House of Lords condoned and defended both. Except for the Friends, the Independents and a Presbyterian sect in Scotland, that was the part the Churches played, not only in that controversy, but also . . . In our time, so long as the Covenant of the League and collective security were popular the Churches joined in the chorus of their supporters. But when that chorus fell silent, its clerical supporters, with few exceptions, fell silent too. That is why many of us are anti-clerical. Conscience forbids us to accept as guides bodies that take the wrong side at least as often as the right in conflicts of opinion, while their outcome is in doubt. If the label on a bottle is not even presumptive evidence of the nature of its contents, we say the right place for it is the dustbin. That is not the case of the Christian Missions that overspread Africa in the nineteenth century. They were not in the least like the churches we know. . . . It is many years now since the writer spent some days or weeks on some score of Mission stations. And since he left Africa there is evidence that Missions are growing more like Churches.

NORMAN LEYS, *The Colour Bar in East Africa.*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—FRANCIS BACON.
"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—JOHN MILTON.
(*The place of publication is London unless otherwise stated.*)

The Night is Far Spent. By KENNETH INGRAM. Allen & Unwin. 5s.
The Church Impotent or Triumphant? By SIDNEY DARK. Gollancz. 3s. 6d.
I Am Persuaded. By JULIAN DUGUID. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Here are three books, written from different angles, all of them concerned with the position of the Christian Church. The first two are by Anglican journalists of repute; the third by a writer whose present religious affiliation is not clear, but is probably Anglican.

Whether we agree with Mr. Ingram or not he is always stimulating, and no man has better diagnosed the ailments of organized religion. His new book has the characteristics of courage and clarity which have marked his work all along. Its chapters are: "What is happening to the world", "The religious motive in history", "The effect of capitalism on society and on religion", "What a planned civilization will do", and "What a religious awakening will mean". Capitalism and institutional religion have alike broken down, and

> the choice between a fascist and a fully democratic order is the religious issue of our day, and it will be the task of a religious mission to reveal the full implications of that issue.

Mr. Ingram denies that he identifies Christianity with socialism; he sees socialism as

> merely the next economic stage of civilization which Christianity requires in order to achieve its ultimate purpose of community.

There is many an incisive sentence, and a good definition of prayer:

> Prayer should be the act of making ourselves the conscious and willing vehicles of the divine purpose: "Thy will be done".

About the present position of the Church Mr. Ingram must be allowed to speak for himself in three striking paragraphs culled from his pages:

> The picture which emerges in the course of European history is that of a religious force driving forward towards an ultimate objective and throwing up in the stages of its progress organizations and institutions which represent its attempts at expression under the contemporary social conditions. But these ecclesiastical organizations become, as time passes, more and more identified with the civilization of their day. They therefore cease to be the medium of the Christian movement. The Churches become monuments, landmarks of a religious experience already achieved. They survive, in so far as they are still a reservoir of the religious force: but they become backwaters, they are no longer the main stream. The main stream flows on and reappears in a new line of country. Religion, particularly in the earlier period of a new civilization, helps to mould that civilization. But

gradually it becomes itself part of the system. Its ideas become static, its orthodoxy is conditioned by the civilization which it has helped to create. . . .

When I was a boy the Church counted for much more in the national life than she counts today. A far larger proportion of men and women went to church. There were still a fair number of priests and ministers whose utterances had a comparative effect upon social opinion. The contrast afforded by present times is striking. It is not merely that Church membership has shrunk in size, but that among this minority—in the few remaining strongholds where there are signs of vitality—the congregation consists mainly of those whose outlook is attuned to the old tradition. Institutional religion is appealing today to the conventional, and to the simple-minded, but not at all to the creative types who are the stuff of revolutionary development. . . .

At their gatherings Christians use phraseology and create an atmosphere which average men and women find curiously foreign and unconvincing. Churchmen appear to be unconscious of the impression thus created, but this Christian isolationism has reacted on the outside world so effectually that at secular gatherings it is hardly possible to mention the name of Jesus Christ without causing a feeling of awkwardness. The Christian terms, because of Christian isolationism, have become saturated with the associations of pietism and sentimentality, or rigid dogmatism. Most of us, indeed—and particularly the middle-aged—are suffering from a religious inhibition: and, at root, this inhibition has been caused by the separation of organized Christianity from the world and its absorption in dead issues. The religious atmosphere causes the outsider to feel uncomfortable because it is stale.

Often during Mr. Sidney Dark's editorship of *The Church Times* we turned to its pages to remove any lurking doubts in our minds about the rightness of Nonconformity! The features which have marked his editorship are plainly visible in this hastily written brochure—strong opinions trenchantly expressed, "personalities" (these, especially a private feud with the owner of *The Church Times,* certainly do not add to the book's value), and a likeable enthusiasm married to utter perversity. Mr. Dark is a Socialist, and he accuses the Church of timidity and complacency; in regard to the Jews, the Spanish Civil War, and international affairs generally, the Church has failed; and by the Church Mr. Dark means the Vatican, the Anglican Churches, the Free Churches, Dr. Buchman, Uncle Tom Cobley, and all. The failure is largely due to the fact that the Church has been (a) other-worldly in its outlook, (b) tied up with a vicious and unchristian economic system; and altogether Christians have been woolly in their thinking, and content with "ambulance work". Mr. Dark derives some encouragement from the Malvern Conference, where the Church showed itself "half-awake", for it is to the Church of England Mr. Dark looks for a lead. But that Church must reform itself, beginning at the top; and as a whole the Church must recognize that the gospel of individual salvation is not the whole truth and become a revolutionary religion: only so will the Church cease to be impotent.

Mr. Duguid's autobiography has a wider range; although it will annoy by its cleverness and frequently irritate by its cocksureness, it is decidedly a book that should be read. Mr. Duguid's spiritual pilgrimage has led him along divers pathways; he has struggled with the problem of evolution, spent years as an agnostic, learnt through scientific observation and adventure in the wilds of S. America, and dabbled in what for want of a better term must be called mysticism, and in spiritualism and faith healing. It is

all very revealing, sometimes, indeed, probably more revealing than Mr. Duguid realizes, and it contains many striking comments on the life and thought of our times. Thus:

> Prayer is not religious, but it may be used religiously. It is a feat of mental athletics, and may be turned to thousands of ends.

The last chapter, "Whither?" deserves the concentrated attention of all leaders of the Churches. Organized Christianity could ponder with advantage the dictum: "In providing for uninspired men great possessions are a necessity". Nevertheless Mr. Duguid ends on a note of hope:

> I look forward to a Church set free from the constipating burden of wealth. It may be stripped of much of its mummery, of its outworn, superior witch-doctordom; but a sane population will support it as an equal in the search for truth. In a thousand parts of the country, little groups of people are talking of a new leaven which is at work. Soon, the feeling will gather momentum. When we have suffered a few years more, it will steal through the towns and the villages, small streams falling into rivers on their way to a larger gathering. Laymen form the bulk of this uprising, and presently leaders will come to them as the most natural thing in the world. Only, this time, the leaders will *know*.

How is the Church of Christ to reach—perhaps it would be wrong to say recover—a position where men and nations will take her ultimate spiritual laws as standards of reference; how is she to make men see that only in her climate can civilization flourish? The answer is furnished—after the present condition of things has been accurately and searchingly stated—by another Anglican layman. In his autobiography, reviewed within, Mr. Maurice Reckitt quotes a speech he delivered at the Albert Hall in 1935. It is so pertinent that we take a long quotation from it:

> The mind of our country is not anti-Christian; let us be honest and realize that it has not in this disillusioned age the vitality for so frank a challenge. But neither is it Christian. Rather is it post-Christian and sub-Christian; post-Christian in so far as it is trying to live on spasmodic and waning impulses derived from a faith to which it cannot rise; sub-Christian in so far as it still clings to a "limited liability religion"—a religion calculated to give the spirit a comfortable glow at appropriate moments, a religion in the background, to be fallen back upon in those emergencies of the soul which even in this synthetic age men cannot wholly evade. But not a religion of obligation, not religion at issue with the world's assumptions, not religion which differentiates you in values, in outlooks or in speech from the next man at the bridge table or in the bar . . .
>
> The young among the poor, it seems, don't say "Why shouldn't I?" and set off gaily down the primrose path; they say "Why should I?" and go nowhere at all. They have lost something more than their beliefs—they have lost, or are losing, the power to believe in anything. And thus bereft, they are losing not only their divine but even their human inheritance; they are surrendering the initiative over events and drifting into a mere lifelessness as victims of forces the meaningless supremacy of which they fatalistically assume. . . .
>
> You cannot evangelize England without a judgment on what secularism has made of England. And with that judgment must be linked repentance for the apostasy (for that is what it amounts to) of a Church which has tolerated such a development without challenge and without understanding. Before we can turn other men's hearts

and minds we must first turn our own. What I have said to-night will probably seem to many of you very abstract. "What is he getting at?" you may be asking. Well, there is one thing above all I would like to get at, and that is this audience. I want you to ask yourselves candidly whether you are the sort of people who are capable of evangelizing anybody. I want you to ask yourselves whether you are not soaked through with second-hand opinions, with purely worldly standards about money, and how it may be got and spent; about success in this world and what it really is; about what is tolerable in the malnutrition, the aimless routine, the deprivation and the hopelessness to which millions to-day are needlessly condemned, so that their spirits cannot rise to the evangel you would preach to them. I want you to bring your Catholic faith into your thinking; I want you to bring your religious discrimination into your reading; I want you to bring your consecrated energy to the purging of all human relations in this world which has lost not only our faith—*the* Faith—but its own.

EDITOR.

The Life and Times of St. Leo the Great. By TREVOR JALLAND, M.A., B.D. S.P.C.K. 21s.

This massive volume, containing about 550 pages in all, is one of the series being published by the S.P.C.K. for the Church Historical Society. It will admirably fill a serious gap in our literature on Church history, for we have had no English monograph on this important bishop since Dr. Gore's volume on him in "The Fathers for English Readers", published in 1880. It may be said at once that Dr. Jalland's book (for since its publication he has been awarded the degree of D.D. for it by the University of Oxford) is a thoroughly comprehensive and competent treatment of the subject, based on an exhaustive study of the relevant authorities, and furnished with full references and quotations.

The arrangement of the material is only roughly chronological, the author preferring to adopt in part a geographical basis for his treatment—a plan which certainly conduces to clarity in certain respects. Several of the chapters have appended to them "Additional Notes", sometimes of considerable length and, though always relevant, not in every case really necessary. The long notes on Manichaeism (pp. 56-63), on "St. Peter in Rome" (pp. 77-85), and on the Illyrian Vicariate (pp. 192-204)—while very informative—take us beyond what the scope of the book strictly demands. In addition to the narrative-material thus topically laid out, we have chapters on "Leo and Worship", "Leo as a Teacher of Ethics", "Leo as a Theologian", and "Manuscripts and Editions", as well as a full bibliography and three Indexes.

In so thorough and systematic a work there is little to criticize as regards its general scheme and method. The footnote-quotation *in extenso* of the original Latin and Greek of all passages translated in the text adds considerably to the bulk of the book, but undoubtedly gives an air of scholarly completeness. Personally I cannot but regard it as a defect in method, though of course only a slight one, habitually to use footnotes for dates and other additional items of information which could with more advantage be embodied in the text itself. And, talking about dates, our author is at one point misleading—when he puts "A.D. 422" as a footnote to "the closing years of Pope Celestine I's reign" (p. 34), when all he means is that that was the year of Celestine's accession—and at another point inaccurate—when (apparently misled by Mirbt) he gives 316 A.D. as the date of the Council of Arles (p. 157) instead of 314 A.D.

Apart from slips and misprints, there are a few oddities observable. "Information for . . . " (p. 22) is not a felicitous phrase. Note 121 on p. 26 is very awkwardly punctuated; so is note 68 on p. 56. The reference to Harnack in note 25 on p. 75 is defective. "Pelagian" is a perfectly good adjective, and there is no need to coin a new one, "Pelagianist" (pp. 97, 100). The constant use of the italicized word *"Inter"* (instead of the more usual "ap." or "apud") immediately before an italicized book-title gives a confusing impression. An unbracketed *"sic."* in the middle of a sentence in the text (p. 179) does not look well. The reference on p. 62 n. 83 to the Manichaean substitution of water for wine in the Eucharist ignores the fact that this was a fairly common early Christian custom (see Harnack's treatise *Brot und Wasser* in *Texte und Untersuchungen,* vii, 1891).

The author does not allow his admiration for Leo and his own ecclesiastical views to impair seriously the objectivity of his work. Thus he quotes a passage from one of Leo's sermons which he says would in later ages have been almost certainly rejected as heretical (p. 456, n. 121); and he mentions that both Ambrose and Augustine held that "works" are efficacious in obtaining forgiveness! (p. 483, n. 372). The various minor excuses he makes on behalf of that ruffian Dioscorus are probably to be attributed to a desire to see justice done to one generally regarded with approbrium. While Dr. Jalland heartily approves of Leo's Christology, and defends it against its modern critics, he is aware that it imperils at certain points our belief in the reality of the humanity of Jesus (see p. 453, n. 103; p. 460, nn. 137, 140, 143; p. 491). Despite his admiration of Leo, he is not unduly sympathetic to papal claims, though he is a little too ready to take Cyprian's flattering words in *Epist.* 59^{14} as seriously and literally meant (p. 77, n. 43). His use of the word "priest" for "presbyter" (pp. 19f.; 47, n. 19) is significant, as also is his unhistorical allusion to "the three Scriptural grades in the Christian ministry" (p. 485).

Dr. Jalland duly records Leo's severity to the Pelagians both as a deacon and as pope. He does not, however, seem to realize that, in tacitly abandoning Augustine's doctrines of predestination and the irresistibility of grace, Leo was virtually conceding the semi-Pelagians' contention that, while man cannot achieve moral goodness without the aid of Divine grace, it does lie in his own hands whether he accepts that grace or rejects it.

One or two interesting points emerge regarding the Christian ethical ideas of the period. It appears that Pope Innocent I (401-417) had allowed bishops to inflict torture and to pronounce capital sentences (p. 114, n. 8). Leo ruled that a girl might, with her parents' approval, marry a man who kept a concubine, provided that the latter was not legally married to him; also that a man might honourably dismiss a slave-concubine in order to marry a freeborn wife (p. 147). On the other hand he inculcated the imitation of Christ (p. 462, n. 164), and urged the abandonment of malice and hatred at Lent (p. 407).

Of the slips and misprints which I have noted I mention only the following. The word ἐκκλησιῶν is incorrectly accentuated on p. 77, n. 45. Ignatius did not write his letter to Rome from Ephesus (as intimated on p. 84), but from Smyrna; *"Didaschalia"* (pp. 87, 518) should be *Didascalia;* the word "to" on p. 155, l. 2, is out of place; "fugitive" is misspelled on p. 232, n. 121; "Baümer" on p. 399, n. 2, should be "Bäumer"; "reverentia" on p. 412, n. 5, should be "reverentiam"; and "meus" on p. 428, n. 23, should be "mens".

C. J. Cadoux.

Mind and Deity. By JOHN LAIRD. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

The cause of natural theology is never likely to go by default as long as the race of Gifford Lecturers continues. One of the latest additions to their ranks is Prof. John Laird, of Aberdeen; *Mind and Deity* is the second series of Gifford Lectures delivered in Glasgow. The general subject with which he deals is metaphysics and theism; the first series had to do with theism and cosmology, while the second may be said to discuss theism and mind. The second series is not so much a continuation as a complement of the first, and the link between the two Dr. Laird finds in a rather devastating criticism of the ontological argument. He concludes that the ontological argument as such is a sham, though, as he says, the Grand Ontological Assertion may be the last word in metaphysical insight. Any such assertion, however, makes it necessary to have clear ideas as to the nature of mind, and to this subject Dr. Laird next addresses himself, and makes out a good case for his own form of philosophical idealism. This again he goes on to discuss under its two forms—epistemological or ontological. Then follow discussions of certain questions more directly affecting his interpretation of deity. They are Omniscience, Divine Personality, and Providence. Here, again, Dr. Laird's conclusions are somewhat negative, though he clears the ground for a more realistic conception of God's nature and capacity. The remaining lectures are on Value and Existence, the Moral Proofs of Theism (a very illuminating discussion), and Pantheism, for which Dr. Laird always puts in a good word.

This rapid sketch of the ground which these lectures cover gives no idea of the fullness and richness of their content. Dr. Laird's treatment of his subject is always interesting because he is so absolutely honest and so perfectly clear in his contentions. While his whole attitude may seem to be more critical than constructive, he is all the time laying the foundation for a positive theology. He admits himself, however, that he did not appreciate the force of theism when he began his inquiry, but that he now inclines to the belief that "theistic metaphysics is stronger than most, and that metaphysics is not at all weak in principle, despite the strain that it puts upon the human intellect". He believes also that it is quite impossible to refute theism, though the verdict of non-proven may be the most easy to be attained. If this is less than some would like, they may at least be thankful for small mercies and go on to build on the foundation thus laid.

W. B. SELBIE.

Christian Doctrine. By J. S. WHALE, M.A., D.D. Cambridge Press. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Whale has done well to publish these lectures which he recently delivered in Cambridge to undergraduates of all Faculties. The fact that they were very largely attended and aroused widespread interest, and even enthusiasm, testifies not only to the skill and eloquence of the lecturer, but also to the existence of a real concern and a felt need on the part of his hearers. That there is such a need for guidance on the great Christian verities among students and young people generally is a hopeful sign of the times, and Dr. Whale's lectures are a good object lesson on the best way to meet it. He never talks down to his audience, shirks difficulties, or minimizes the claims of the Christian faith. The lectures cover the whole range of Christian theology: God, Man, Sin, Redemption, Incarnation, the Spirit, the Church, and the Sacraments. They have, of course, the defects of their qualities. To the average man they will seem academic. But it must be remembered that they were addressed to an academic audience: Dr. Whale knows students and can speak to their condition. The lectures

too abound in broad generalizations and sweeping judgments, and these do not always command assent. Dr. Whale is an historian and has a rare faculty for extracting the essentials of any period or movement. He can impart life to some very dry bones and make barren controversies interesting. And it is all done in vindication of God's ways to man as revealed in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. His lectures belong to the best type of modern apologetic. They are earnest, eloquent, and thoroughly well-informed. They carry the reader along almost in spite of himself, and leave with him a new vision of the glory, greatness, and power of the Christian message.

Dr. Whale's approach to Christian doctrine may be illustrated by the following quotations:

> Christian doctrine is the historic monument to the fact that God speaks and the soul hears, within the orbit of tradition represented by Scripture and the Church.
>
> But Christian doctrine asserts that divine revelation would be utterly impossible if there were no affinity or point of contact between men and God, no historic experience of the "wholly other", no capacity in unregenerate men to receive the sheer gift of Grace.

The lectures are published as they were spoken but with the addition of some very useful notes. They read well, and it is to be hoped that they will be read widely. W. B. Selbie.

The Mind of the Maker. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Methuen. 6s.

Miss Dorothy Sayers has for the time (but we hope not permanently) deserted detective fiction for theology. She has become the joint-editor of a new series of books called "Bridge Heads", and has written the first of them herself. The intention of the authors of the series is to take up a radical attitude to current institutions and to deal with the post-war situation creatively. Miss Sayers has already confessed herself irritated by a very prevalent ignorance concerning the essentials of Christian doctrine, and she is probably right in thinking that the first step to anything like a creative reconstruction of life will be a rehabilitation of Christian theology. She is, however, nothing if not dogmatic, and to her Christianity consists in the doctrines set forth in the great Creeds. These she regards as "not expressions of opinion, but statements of fact", that is of facts about the nature of God and the universe. They are not "arbitrary mystifications", but relevant to human life and thought. There is a strict analogy between the creative mind of God and the creative mind of the artist and writer, and Miss Sayers argues

> The Christian affirmation is that the Trinitarian structure which can be shown to exist in the mind of man and in all his works is in fact the integral structure of the universe and corresponds, not by pictorial imagery, but by the necessary uniformity of substance with the nature of God in whom all that is exists.

Miss Sayers's book is an elaborate commentary on and exposition of this thesis. There is a trinity of idea, energy, and power which is manifest in all creative work, and in expounding it Miss Sayers takes occasion to deal with all the big questions of theology—free-will and miracle, the problem of evil, Pentecost, the love of the creature, and so on. In working out the analogy between human and divine creativeness she makes good use of her own writings as well as of the writings of innumerable authors ancient and modern. She is always interesting, and even when one fails to follow her she impresses by her earnestness and by her absolute conviction that she is

right. It is, however, curious and significant that the book contains very little reference to the New Testament and still less to the creative life and personality of Jesus of Nazareth. If we are to have a reconstruction of Christian theology in the new world that is opening before us, it would seem to be more promising to begin it from the standpoint of the teaching of Jesus Himself rather than, or as well as, from that of the ancient Creeds.

W. B. SELBIE.

History of the Schoolmen. By E. CREWDSON THOMAS, M.A., LL.B. Williams & Norgate. 30s.

> The General History of the Schoolmen has been but little considered by English writers during the last fifty years. The admirably translated works of M. de Wulf cannot be overlooked, but they are for the most part written from a strictly Thomastic (*sic*) point of view and for that class of American students who came within his ken.
>
> At the same time those works on neo-Thomasism (*sic*), whilst of great value, do not cover the whole ground.

This, from the Preface, is not exactly encouraging. One turns the page to the Bibliography, only to find such things as G. *C*. Coulton and F. *N*. Powicke and Privité-Orton, Grabman but Spelman*n*. Unfortunately this is the style of the book throughout. Bodlean and Bodelean might be misprints, but Antissidorensis, Diogenes of Appolonia, Aix la Chappelle and Solerno (4 times) make one unhappy; sometimes we have St. Germaine des Près, sometimes St. Germain de Près; and on one and the same page the spelling of Grosseteste's name swings backwards and forwards as in a modern *Faerie Queene*.

From the passage quoted above one might expect greater attention to be paid to St. Augustine and to the illuminist tradition dependent upon him than is the case in some Thomist works. In the event 53 pages are devoted to Aristotle and only 3 to St. Augustine, while 190 are given to St. Thomas and only 3 to St. Bonaventura.

The author appears to have attempted to include, and to write a few lines about, everyone who could possibly be considered one of the schoolmen; but the result is by no means always helpful, as in the following case, reproduced here *verbatim et literatim*:

> *Petrach*, 1304-1374. Of Padua, became a Mystic; cherished by Italian Dukes, and Princes, and Popes Benedict XII, Clement VI and Urban V who enriched him with many benefices.
>
> He wrote:
>
> 1. *De Contemptu Mundi.*
> 2. *Secretum sivi de Conflicta Carnarum.*
> 3. *De Remmediis. Utriusque Fortunae.*
> 4. *De Vita Solitaria et de otio Religiosorum.*

Some of the lesser names in Fr. Gumbley's pamphlet *The English Dominicans: in Theology* would have been more in place.

The final chapter deals with Suarez, who, we are told, received the title of *Doctor Eximus*, and whose chief philosophical work was *Dispitationes Metaphisica*.

It may seem hard to draw attention to these things, but it is the reviewer's duty when a work of 650 pages is issued by a respectable firm as a ten years' *magnum opus*. The author does not claim for it that it is more than a compilation, and it must be admitted that it reads like one, and makes heavy going for anyone susceptible to the scintillations of M. Gilson's *La Philosophie au Moyen Age*. Those who have no French will probably still read M. de Wulf.

GEOFFREY F. NUTTALL.

East and West. By RENE GUENON. Luzac. 6s.

Western writers have often been guilty of failing to appreciate the higher ideals of Eastern religion. That is an accusation which cannot be brought against this book. In the judgment of its writer, Western civilization faces collapse because of "its anti-traditional spirit". "All the superiorities on which Westerners pride themselves are purely imaginary with the sole exception of material superiority". It is the Orientals who possess true knowledge, and the West needs an "intellectual Elect" such as does not at present exist who would gain from the Orientals help in the assertion of pure intellectuality, so that

> Western civilization, normal once more, would have its legitimate place amongst the others and would no longer be, as it is to-day, a menace to the rest of humanity, a factor of disequilibrium and oppression in the world.

Messrs. Luzac announce that translations are in course of preparation of many others of this author's works. We should have been grateful if Mr. William Massey, the translator of this book, had given us in his preface some account of its author, and especially had explained the authority he possesses for his magisterial pronouncements on what "Orientals" think. For ourselves, we distrust grandiose generalizations on "Western" and "Eastern" thought. The West and East have different emphases, but it is as impossible to speak of Eastern as of Western thought as if it were an entity. It matters much that West and East should understand each other better, but we cannot feel that this book with its indiscriminate praise of the East and condemnation of the West will do much to further such understanding.

SYDNEY CAVE.

Asramas Past and Present. By P. CHENCHIAH, B.A., M.L., V. CHAKKARAI, B.A., B.L., and A. N. SUDARISANAM, B.A. Madras: Indian Christian Book Club. Rs. 2.

We have read this book with much interest. If Christianity is to show its full power in India, then the Church in India must be a truly Indian Church and not merely an offshoot of the Churches of the West. The treasure of the Gospel is always in an earthen vessel, and that earthen vessel should be in India of Indian and not British or American design. Doubtless the Indianization of Christianity will lead to aberrations unattractive to us of the West. Just as in the ancient Church Christianity was naturalized in Graeco-Oriental culture, and in that process in part perverted, so the Indian Church needs its indigenous form of Christianity. And that form is likely to differ much from our British, American, or German interpretations of the Gospel.

The book before us is a pioneer attempt of three distinguished Indian Christians to relate Christianity to that typical product of Hinduism the *asrama* and, in particular, the *vanaprastha asrama,* which represents the third of the four stages of the Hindu ideal life, when, after passing through the stage of celibate student, and of the householder, a man leaves his lands to his sons, and goes to the forest to meditate with others, taking with him if he will his wife with whom his relations become purely spiritual. Mr. Chenchiah points out that the traditional age for this would be about 55—the age at which in India a man retires from Government service.

This book provides a valuable historical sketch of the place of *asramas* in India's past and their contribution to Indian culture. Mr. Chenchiah recognizes two defects:

> (1) the lack of social urge, and (2) failure to utilize the detached interest for social purposes. . . . A Christian *asrama* [could not be] a reproduction of a Hindu one. The animating spirit has to be that of Christ and that spirit necessitates such changes in the *asrama* as will fully bring out its own genius.

He shows how influential in recent years have been the *asramas* of Rabindranath Tagore and of Mahatma Gandhi, and gives an interesting account of modern *asramas*, both Hindu and Christian.

In the last section of the book, in collaboration with Mr. V. Chakkarai and Mr. A. N. Sudarisanam, he writes of the place and function of Christian *asramas* in India, and claims that already "the *asrama* is being recognized as the place where one gets a vision of Christian life in its more appealing aspects". It is urged that "the pulpit should impress on the congregations the necessity of elderly people taking to this form of spiritual discipline".

> The Church cannot attempt to do more than administer to limited religious needs. For experimentation, meditation and for all deeper religious search, the *asrama* is more suited than the Church bound by tradition, cramped by ritual, controlled by priesthood, all meant for the weak and the timid and those in search of safety and certainty. . . .
>
> The Church distracts our attention from the Kingdom of God. The *asramas* will restore the Kingdom of God to its proper place in the Christian scheme. The *asramas* will work for its realisation. They think in terms of life—eternal life, and the Holy Spirit, while the Church thinks nominally of them as a remote hope but more in terms of dogma and discipline.

We can understand the critical attitude adopted in this book to the organized Church. Yet we believe that that is due to misunderstanding of the New Testament conception of the Church as the people of God, the faithful remnant, the suffering servant of the Lord, and, as such, the agent of the Kingdom. *Asramas* may do much for the cause of Christ in India, but they will do more as it is realized that, imperfect as is the empirical Church, it is yet the mother of us all, and as such should receive the affectionate loyalty of all its children.

It would require not a short review but a long article adequately to discuss this fresh and interesting book. We hope it will be read by those in this country interested in the progress of Christianity in India.

SYDNEY CAVE.

SHORTER NOTICES & DESCRIPTIVE LIST.

(*Books marked * are recommended for ministerial reading*).

The way in which the Bible continues to circulate in hundreds of thousands of copies is a constant testimony to its abiding worth, and the fact that so many experiments have recently been made in methods of presenting it to the people is one of the most encouraging signs of our times. Mr. John Stirling has edited *The Bible For To-day* (Oxford Press, 21s.; India Paper, 30s.; *De Luxe* Ed., 42s.), a mammoth volume of 1,250 pages, with nearly 2,000 illustrations. The A.V. is used, and the division into headed paragraphs is helpful, while the introductory commentary to sections shows the editor not unmindful of biblical scholarship. The scheme of division of the books is interesting: "The Holy Land" comprises *Gen.* to *Ruth*, "The Holy City" *I Sam.* to *Kgs.*, "The Holy Temple" *I Chron.* to *Esther*, "Some Holy Books" *Job* to *Mal.*, and "The Holy Man" the New Testament. A definite aim is made, by letterpress and pictorial illustration, to apply the Bible to the life of today; the illustrations on the whole are

successful, though we have a disproportionate number with planes and tanks, and the captions attached to them are often trite to a degree:

> "There is always something going on in an encampment".
>
> "War persists, but must it be less humane than in Bible times?" (when, if we remember, Samuel hewed Agag to pieces before the Lord, and when thumbs and great-toes were cut off).

The treatment, we suspect, has its inspiration in the work of Dr. Van Loon. We hope the Bible in this form will reach many who have hitherto been unacquainted with it.

Although it contains many good things, Dr. L. E. Elliott-Binns's *Jeremiah* (S.C.M., 5s.) is disappointing. In his endeavour to portray Jeremiah as "a prophet for a time of war", and so as a prophet for to-day, Dr. Elliott-Binns fails to give us a picture of Jeremiah the man. The substance of the book was given as lectures in Exeter Cathedral, and we cannot but wonder how the mixed audience received the geographical and historical introduction. *Jeremiah* is by no means easy to expound or understand, but it is infinitely rewarding. If this book inspires readers to turn to Skinner or Peake it will do good service; in itself it can scarcely be deemed a success, for its author seems uncertain on which of two stools he will sit.

In *The Young Congregationalist and His Faith* (Indep. Press, 1s. 6d.) Principal T. S. Taylor provides a little book which ministers will find useful to put into the hands of young people they are training for Church membership. And Christians of older growth would benefit were they to work through its chapters, either alone or in groups. A chapter on the Church would, we think, have been a valuable addition.

Though it has some repetition and bears other signs of haste, Dr. William Paton's *The Church and the New Order* (S.C.M., 6s.) is well worth reading. While it contains little that is new to students, it offers an able survey of the world situation today by one with special facilities for observation and a clear mind withal. Dr. Paton's pages about the need for a clear statement about peace principles, about the co-operation between the United States and this country after the war and now, and about India, could be read with advantage by all Members of Parliament and publicists as well as by churchmen. The place of the Church in the struggle for the new order is emphasized, and the possibility of a period in the catacombs foreseen. Here sometimes Dr. Paton writes with less than his usual care. What, *e.g.*, does he mean by "Christendom" when he speaks of Roman Catholics and Uniats as "torn away from Christendom"? We warmly commend the book to the attention of our readers.

The Rev. A. Herbert Rees's *The Faith in England* (Dacre Press, 3s. 6d. & 1s. 6d.) is the epilogue to a series called "Signposts", the volumes in which are written by "young philosophers and theologians of the Church of England". If Mr. Rees's book is a sample of the series, they must have been read with profound regret and even pain by all who desire the reunion of British Christendom. The eyes of the writer are entirely to the past, and the attitude obscurantist; there is no mention of the Free Churches or of Ecumenical Movements. Protestantism is the *bête noire;* we have references to the "moral anarchy" of Lutheranism and Calvinism; Protestantism always valued "religious experience above doctrinal orthodoxy and thus to allow religious emotions to run riot at the expense of reason". Even before 1563 it "had already displayed that tendency to crumble away into Unitarianism and Rationalism which has distinguished it ever since". So far from the Reformation being based upon the Bible,

"it would be truer to say that the Reformation began that attack upon the Bible which was carried on by the Latitudinarians of the eighteenth century and Higher Critics of the nineteenth". Mr. Rees, so far from agreeing that the Church has Calvinistic Articles, maintains that they are "Catholic". A reference to "a certain George Withers" shows either amazing ignorance or shocking manners. If the Church of England is growing "young philosophers and theologians", as they modestly allow themselves to be designated, with the outlook of this book, its leaders, who are today striving for a better understanding between the Churches, had better look to their fifth column.

In his work among thousands of shelterers under and around the Central Hall, Westminster, the Rev. W. E. Sangster has proved himself an eager and able servant of Christ and the people. In *Ten Statesmen and Jesus Christ* (Hodder, 3s. 6d.) he takes words from the speeches of statesmen and writes on Life, Peace, Justice, Security, Freedom, A New Order, Progress, Democracy, Decency, Spiritual Things. Mr. Sangster is always alive, and these are addresses for the times which should do much good.

Mr. R. Colnett Wright's *Spiritual Healing through Christian Science* (Rider, 4s. 6d.) is an epitome of Mrs. Eddy's teaching and a summary of her life and work, together with many "testimonies". It is the work of an enthusiast, and as such is uncritical: Mr. H. A. L. Fisher might never have lived, and Lord Lothian might still be alive!

We like the Rev. W. Rowland Jones's forthrightness, even though we should not accept him as a financial expert. He suggests that his outspokenness led to the cessation of his weekly articles in the *Daily Herald*, and *Let's Try Reality* (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d.) outlines his message. He believes that only Christians can establish a satisfactory "new order", but that the Church has gone astray (Constantine was the Quisling) and that drastic reform is needed. Parsons, *e.g.*, should spend the first part of their training in some civil occupation living out the ideals of the Gospel among working-people, and at College should learn not the original languages of the Bible, but how to apply the truths of the Gospel to the lives of ordinary men and women. But what is "unctiously"?

Why is it that people are so tired of Mr. H. G. Wells? He is one of the most incisive thinkers of our time, and yet everywhere we find those who have ceased to read him, which is a great pity. Of course, Mr. Wells is so superior, and cannot suffer fools gladly; he is well aware how wrong other people are, and forgets how often he has been wrong himself. His *Guide to the New World* (Gollancz, 4s.) is grandiosely labelled "A Handbook of Constructive World Revolution"; it consists of syndicated articles of varying length and importance, the thread running through them being the demand for "World Air Control, World Conservation, and a World Fundamental Law". Mr. Wells has the strange idea that the Malvern Conference and the Church of England are identical; time and again he uses phrases like "The Malvern Conference has made the Established Church of England definitely socialistic".

We hope that no readers of these pages will be so foolish as to put Col. T. H. Minshall's *What to do with Germany* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.) impatiently aside with the comment "Let's beat her first", for it is of great importance that thought should be directed now to the tremendous problem that will confront us once the war is won; only so will the blunders of 1919 be avoided. Col. Minshall is rather Vansittartian, but his text is really Lord Lothian's dictum: "Nazism is the reassertion of the strongest traditions in German and Prussian history".

> Militaristic Prussia has all along been the trouble, and any federal plan which leaves Germany with its present political structure, *whatever the régime*, will ultimately fail. The League of Nations failed partly because it was assumed that all nations equally hated war, and federal union will founder if based on the same delusion.

Both in his survey of the past and his suggestions for the future, Col. Minshall shows wide knowledge and sound judgment; though we cannot always follow him, we believe he has written a pertinent book which should be read by all with any responsibility for the war and the peace. We have "tome" for "time" on p. 174.

Mr. Rom Landau in his rambling book *We Have Seen Evil* (Faber, 7s. 6d.) will not have it that it is only Prussia that is villain; there are not two Germanies, but one, a nation gets the Government it deserves, and Hitler is "the crystallized symbol of his people". And even Luther set the example:

> The crux of Martin Luther's political ethic lay in his fear of anarchy and his subsequent willingness to sanction State-power to the point of tyranny. Here Christian pessimism generated an ethic which can hardly be distinguished from Machiavellian cynicism.

After all this we have emphasized the need of true prayer, individual responsibility in the avoidance of waste and in other ways, and the claim that the Christian solution is the only one to the world's problems. See under "Worth Noting".

German versus Hun (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.) contains 260 pages of quotations gathered by Carl Brinitzer and Berthe Grossbard to tell the world what Germans think of Germans. From Goethe and Heine down to Goebbels and Hitler these extracts, classified under various heads, are held to reveal an unchanging and unpleasant strain in the German character. Women will scarcely be grateful for Nietzsche's dictum:

> With the German as with a woman, one never reaches firm ground. There is none: that is all.

Some of the quotations give rise to speculation, as, *e.g.*, Goethe's:

> The English will shame us by sheer human understanding and good will, the French by intelligent circumspection and practical execution.

We hope the first will prove justified, but "practical execution"? And here is Kerrl, in 1935:

> The essence of National Socialism is faith, and its deeds are love.

A thousand unnecessary commas stud the pages of Verrina's indignant and sometimes savage *The German Mentality* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.). Verrina, who is probably a Jew, tells us that he

> has lived for more than fifty years in Germany. As a lawyer, merchant, and owner of a big estate he came into closest touch with all classes of the population and could observe developments in Germany from within still at the time of the Nazi régime.

He subjects the life of the German people during the last twenty years to a searching analysis. He does not believe in differentiating between the Nazi leaders and the people, and maintains that after the victory the creation of separate, independent German States will be essential if peace is to be permanent. His severe criticism of our handling of the refugee problem does not detract from the value of a book whose bitterness can well be understood.

In *Men Crucified* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 9s.), Mr. Bruno Heilig, an Austrian Jewish refugee now in this country, tells of life in concentration

camps with the worst of reputations—he was six months in Dachau and seven in Buchenwald. Mr. Heilig was a journalist, and his practised pen has a story to relate whose horrors and brutalities would have been deemed incredible a decade ago; but we ourselves met on two journeys across the Atlantic men who had been in Dachau whose experiences were exactly those of Mr. Heilig. We welcome this account, for in the excitement of war men are prone to forget that the concentration camps are still filled, and Christians and Jews, scholars and saints, are subjected to unmentionable tortures. What the nemesis will be who can say?

Mr. Eitel Wolf Dobert's *Convert to Freedom* (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), rendered into excellent English by Heinz and Ruth Norden, offers one of the most convincing accounts we have seen of the between-wars Germany. Especially does he reveal how Hitler supplied Germany youth, without employment, without hope, without purpose, with something to live for. The young Cadet Dobert became a Nazi, with a fanatical devotion to the Führer. To make himself a more useful Nazi he left Germany for Switzerland and France, and there his eyes were slowly and painfully opened. Ere leaving the Party, he wrote to Hitler stating his discoveries, but received no reply. After writing *A Nazi Discovers France*, he returned to Germany, but had to flee for his life. Later he spent four years in Geneva. The last part of the book is scrappy, but the first part is very valuable.

If Mr. John McCutcheon Raleigh's *Behind the Nazi Front* (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) described life in Germany and the occupied countries in 1941, it would indeed have been a "scoop". But it is mainly concerned with the last months of 1939, and seems, especially in its journalistic dress, strangely out of date. It confirms the experience of other neutral eye-witnesses in Poland and Czechoslovakia, Danzic and Berlin, during these months. Mr. Raleigh is an American reporter, and a horrible story it is he has to relate; perhaps the most useful section of the book is that describing the difficulty of getting the truth into Germany and out of it. The book lacks arrangement, and there is much repetition, but its graphic accounts of Warsaw will not easily be forgotten.

All Britishers whose business it has been to visit the United States during the war will read with avidity Sir Walter Citrine's *My American Diary* (Routledge, 5s.). Sir Walter left England in November, 1940, and returned three months later, after a long wait at Bermuda and a terrifying journey in a flying boat, which had to put back after a six hours' struggle with bad weather. Sir Walter's main interests were in labour conditions, the Trade Unions, and aircraft production. He made many speeches, often of more than an hour in length, and the *naïveté* with which he speaks about them in his diary will endear him to readers. Like all British visitors, he received a warm and appreciative welcome, and the account of his experiences should have a wide public.

Sociologists and psychologists will welcome Mr. W. David Wills's *The Hawkspur Experiment* (Allen & Unwin, 6s.), the latter for its revelation of the writer as well as of the "wayward adolescents" of whom he has had charge in one of the Q Camps. Mr. Wills despises football players and has the common but absurd notion about masturbation—"what in fact every normal person *does* do at one time or another". He also indulges in a lot of rather crude psychology. Nevertheless at Hawkspur in the years prior to the war he and his wife did a fine piece of work, and his contention that what delinquents need is not "a bit of discipline", but love, understanding, and sympathy is well borne out. Mr. Wills desires the suggestion of punishment or retribution to be removed from the penal system, and his success

with many of the youths who came voluntarily to the camp is good evidence of the soundness of his plea.

Dr. Susan Isaacs has edited **The Cambridge Evacuation Survey* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), a valuable study of the evacuation experiment, based on the presence of Tottenham and Islington children in Cambridge. Social researchers, parents and foster parents, child guidance experts, the children themselves, and the teachers all present their evidence, which is analysed and examined. A large proportion of the children returned home, and often their parents were seen afterwards, and the reasons for return noted. Some conclusions are definitely established: if equal care had been given at the reception end to that devoted to transportation, many difficulties might have been avoided; more consultation with teachers would have presented misfits in billeting; the family tie is strong, even when family life is not harmonious; successful in many ways, evacuation could have been more successful with more careful preparation. But the whole Report, with its abundant case-histories, deserves the attention of all educationalists and social workers. One of the best chapters in the book is that by a teacher, who shows himself human and understanding as well as competent. There is pathos as well as delight in the children's essays on "What I like in Cambridge" and "What I miss in Cambridge". "The country is a funny place", says one of them: "They

> never tell you you can't have no more to eat, and under the bed is wasted".

The references to Churches and Sunday Schools are disturbingly few.

Hospitals under Fire (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.), edited by Mr. G. C. Curnock, is a well-illustrated account of the work of London hospitals during the bombing period. It leaves us in cordial agreement with the dictum of Mr. W. Macqueen Pope, one of the writers: "Hospitals in raids form one of the brightest pages in this epic of London in the front line". No words are adequate to express the admiration we feel for the steadfast courage and devotion of the nursing profession.

The forthright broadcasts of Mr. W. J. Brown, the General Secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association, have won him the appreciative respect of many listeners. *What Have I To Lose?* (Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d.) contains the substance of recent talks.

Surely the "imbecilities" and "idiocies" (sometimes "abysmal") which stud the pages of *Women's Partnership in the New World* (Allen & Unwin, 5s.) are a new feature of Dr. Maude Royden's writing. These and numerous too-confident generalizations rather detract from this appeal to women to use their freedom and their distinctive gifts in building a new world. We hope many women will read what Miss Royden has to say—and it would do men no harm!

In *Carmen Sylva, Queen and Woman* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) Miss Elizabeth Burgoyne has made a brave attempt to paint the portrait of the talented woman who was so long Queen of Roumania. Miss Burgoyne is not altogether successful, for she becomes reticent when candour is needed, and we end the book with the feeling that the complete story has not been revealed. Elisabeth's was a loveless marriage, and she and Charles were clearly incompatible, though both had fine qualities; when they lost their only child at the age of four, and all Elisabeth's hopes of another child were disappointed, they drifted apart. Elisabeth said

> the profession of queen demands but three qualities, beauty, bounty, and fecundity.

Beauty she had in full measure, fecundity was denied her, and she was a

bountiful giver, generous even to the point of folly, and always unsparing of herself. She had a great love for the poor, the aged, and the blind, and a great love for her adopted country too, though many of her plans were the fruit of an over-enthusiastic temperament, and nothing more than castles in the air. Broken by the loss of her child, saddened by the King's failure to understand her, and by the exile of her Lady-in-Waiting and almost daughter, Hélène Vacaresco, the Queen found refuge in good works and in her writings. Rising early each morning, she read a book a day, and sent out a constant stream of poems, novels, and reminiscences. Miss Burgoyne, whose biography includes many of the Queen's letters and is always readable, rightly sums up:

> *Carmen Sylva* would, one must suppose, have been a more perfect queen if she had not been an artist; she would certainly have been a greater artist if she had not been a queen.

Miss Margaret Armstrong had in the "younger son", the friend of Shelley, a good subject for a biography, and *Trelawny* (Hale, 15s.) is lively from beginning to end. There are signs of hasty writing: Mary Shelley has a "brilliant mind and conventional heart" (whatever a conventional heart may be!) on p. 195, but on p. 238 is "so conventionally minded", and on p. 302 we have both "pennilness" and "it never got published". Nor does Miss Armstrong's Latin seem to be impeccable. Trelawny had a hard childhood and was at sea when he should have been at school. While yet a youth he was a privateer, and he married the daughter of an Arab chief, to whom he was passonately attached. Afterwards there seem to have been as many women as adventures in his life. His responsibility for the burning of Shelley's body and his association with Byron in the struggle for Greek independence are well known; how far his accounts of his life and of his relationships with the poets are strictly accurate is a disputed question. Miss Armstrong's narrative will give pleasure to many readers.

Mr. Hartzell Spence's *One Foot in Heaven* (Harrap, 8s. 6d.) is a lively biography of the author's father, William Spence, a Methodist minister of personality and zeal, who, Canadian by birth, "travelled" in the Middle West of the United States. Mr. Spence gives us vivid sketches of men and women in his father's parishes, and shows how cleverly they were handled by their minister.

Mr. R. J. Northcott's *Pat McCormick. A Man's Life* (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) is a popular account of the life of one who exercised a wide ministry. Many readers who only knew McCormick as a wireless preacher and as Vicar of St. Martin's will read with pleasure of his prowess on the sports field, of his work among Johannesburg miners and as Army Chaplain, and of his life in a busy vicarage. Very different from his predecessor, Dick Sheppard, in many ways, he carried on and extended Sheppard's work at St. Martin's with remarkable success. Mr. Northcott gives us a pleasing picture of an attractive personality.

Wandering between Two Worlds (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.) is the very readable autobiography of Mr. Norman Bentwich. Born in Hampstead in a cultured Jewish home in 1883, and educated at St. Paul's and Cambridge, Mr. Bentwich was well equipped to serve his people. His "two worlds" refer to Jewry, and his life really revolves round the great changes which have affected the Jews during the last fifty years—the Zionist Movement, the Russian Revolution, the trek of European Jews to the United States, and the Nazi persecution. For long on the legal side of the administration in Palestine, Mr. Bentwich played an active part there, until in the time of the troubles a timorous administration thought well to retire him because

of his Zionist associations. Subsequently he travelled far and wide acquainting people with the Palestinian situation and then striving to secure places of settlement for refugees from the Continent. The book is a chapter of history, which makes it the more regrettable that there are a good many queer sentences and some slips which revision would have avoided.

Knowing Mr. Maurice B. Reckitt only through his books, his autobiography, *As It Happened* (Dent, 12s. 6d.) had some surprises for us: who would have thought that the author of *Faith and Society* would be a lover of dance bands and an international croquet player? The book is an interesting study of Mr. Reckitt's life and times; never physically strong, he has been fortunate in not having to earn his living, though the disadvantage attached to such a state will be plain to the reader. Guilds, Distributism, Social Credit, have in turn gained Mr. Reckitt's enthusiasm, and A. R. Orage is his hero. A devout Anglican, he has been most at home, however, in the field of Christian sociology, and it is in the account of movements and personalities in this sphere from Oxford on that the book's main value lies. A list of Mr. Reckitt's writings and a photograph of his wife would have been welcome; "accessary" and "Gallagher" need attention, and Mr. Reckitt's ineptitude at mathematics finds expression in the baffling statement that the

> four have never failed for more than a week or so to dine together each fortnight.

We can think of no subjects Mr. W. J. Blyton does not write about in *To Happier Days* (Murray, 8s. 6d.), unless it be the theory of relativity and test cricket. Mr. Blyton's heart is in the right place—he is a convinced Christian—and it is a pity he ventures into fields where he knows nothing, the Higher Criticism, to take an example. At times, too, he is eminently sensible: his remarks on bureaucracy and officialism are sound and timely. But these discursive pages about past, present, and future bear many signs of hasty and ill-considered writing; slips like R. *D.* Tawney, G. *C.* Coulton, Karl Adam*s*, and Rosalind Murr[*a*]y; statements such as that which says that the B.B.C.'s "good cause" appeal produces "millions of pounds annually", which, at two millions only, means nearly £40,000 a week; and phrases like "my best military advisers" and "inspiration from Above". The worst thing in the book is a long rhapsody on the perfect lives of those who have given their lives in war, who had a crowded hour of glorious life—"for this they were born". It is well meant, but it will be painful to some and blasphemous to others. We prefer to leave the book with these true words, though we do not like "upbuilding":

> Anything traditional and inherently good, done regularly in indifference to whim or mood, is upbuilding and steadying.

In The Mill (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) is a short chapter of Mr. John Masefield's autobiography; it describes twenty-two months during which he worked in a Yonkers carpet factory over forty years ago. The period was one of conflict in the young man's mind: he desired to do well at his job and he succeeded, although often he lived in a dream-world while at work; the sea was always tugging; and his mind was opening to the vista of knowledge stretching before him, with Shelley and the others calling him to live for freedom and for beauty. The whole makes a vivid narrative, though a few words of Introduction describing the course of the writer's life before he reached New York would have been helpful. There is a "prehaps" on p. 73.

Dr. R. R. Marett's enforced exile from his ancestral home, here so graphically described, has resulted in an informing and entertaining auto-

biography, *A Jerseyman at Oxford* (Oxford Press, 15s.). Whether he is describing life in Jersey, work and play at Balliol and Exeter, or the science of anthropology in which, in Oxford at any rate, he was a pioneer, Dr. Marett's lively pen never fails him. In the last chapter he gives what he calls an "ingenuous account" of himself, but already he has revealed himself as an optimist who trusts life, who sees things in proportion, and who throws himself with abandon into whatever he is doing. These pages will give the reader many hours of pleasure: there are many good stories, of which we allow ourselves one only—that of the deaf Stout, declaring *ex cathedra* to Hastings Rashdall, "Your argument is too religious to be philosophy, and too philosophical to be religion", and probably never hearing Rashdall's retort, "But you never heard a word of my argument". Mansfield men will search the pages (they have, by the way, more slips than the Oxford Press generally allows) for mention of their teachers in vain; the only reference is to Fairbairn's being easily shocked by Ray Lankester "because his sense of humour was rudimentary". To the query of the Episcopal Visitor of the College who asked him if he knew the hymn-book he had compiled, Lankester replied, "I use no other". A date or two here and there would have been helpful.

Dr. R. Weiss's *Humanism in England During the Fifteenth Century* (Blackwell, 12s. 6d.) is a scholarly contribution to learning which fills a gap. The period covered is 1418 to 1488, the preparation for Grocyn, Colet, Linacre, and More, and Dr. Weiss has given a fascinating account, full of detail and well documented, of Italians in England and Englishmen in Italy, of the accumulation of libraries, and kindred topics. The hero is inevitably Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, but we have other patrons and collectors like John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and Archbishop Neville, and bishops like Bekynton, William Grey, and De Moleyns. If Humphrey was "the first Englishman to show a lively appreciation of humanism", Robert Flemyng was the first to learn Greek and John Free the first "to become a professional humanist and reach the standards of the Italians". Other outstanding figures are Thomas Chaundler, John Shirwood, William Sellyng, and John Doget (almost a solitary Cambridge figure, for Cambridge lagged well behind Oxford).

It is well that in *The Reformation in England* (Oxford Press, 6s.) Prof. F. M. Powicke has reprinted an essay contributed to a composite work, for it is a valuable account of "the development out of the old order of an ecclesiastical system which was regarded as an integral part of the structure of society". It is a pity that correction of one or two slips was impossible; *e.g.*, on p. 61 "as Barnes was" does not conform with the rest of the sentence at all. We need not accept Prof. Powicke's judgment of the personalities of Gardiner or Pole to appreciate that for the political philosopher as for the student of ecclesiastical history this essay is suggestive and useful. It is interesting that Prof. Powicke writes more warmly of the Catholic martyrs than of the Elizabethan Separatists to whose cause his father was so devoted, and of continuity rather than development. Does he allow enough, we wonder, for the constant plaintive pleas of Parker for royal backing of his attempts to secure uniformity?

Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century, a popular gift-book for boys forty years ago, came to mind as we opened Dr. Charles Singer's **Short History of Science to the Nineteenth Century* (Oxford Press, 8s. 6d.). From the Pythagoreans to Evolution, the Dynamo, and the Cell Theory is a long step, but Dr. Singer manages to include even the queen of sciences in his survey. There are many useful illustrations, and some of the summaries of the contributions made by individuals are exception-

ally good. The book is amazingly good value, and every minister should have it on his shelves for reference; did we not hear a preacher eloquent about the white light resulting when the seven primary colours passed through a prism? Quite sound, but he enumerated the colours—and included black!

In *To Perish Never* (Faber, 3s. 6d.) Prof. A. S. Turberville has given us five remarkably good essays, the first two, "History Objective and Subjective" and "English Patriotism", being unusually suggestive. The others are on "English Liberty", "The Academic Mind", and "Progress and Reality". We like Dr. Gilbert Murray's story of the young pianist who excused her frequent wrong notes on the ground that she was expressing her personality, and received from her teacher the retort, *"La personalité de mademoiselle n'interésse qu'à Maman"*. Despite an "allegience" on p. 60 we refuse to give Prof. Turberville anything lower than an *alpha*.

It is good to find a scholar in his 80th year publishing a volume like Dr. A. J. Carlyle's very timely study, *Political Liberty* (Oxford Press, 12s. 6d.), and writing with such vigour and conviction—on one page we have "absurdity", "unscrupulous misrepresentation", "effrontery", and "the lowest depths of servility"! Many will rejoice to find in this "History of the Conception of Political Liberty in the Middle Ages and Modern Times" such an authority as Dr. Carlyle expounding the view that there has been continuity throughout the centuries. The Middle Ages held that the law, and not the prince, was supreme, and that the authority of the prince was limited by a contract to obey the law, which was first embodied in the custom of the community. Hooker and Milton, in their respective ways, emphasize this supremacy of law, and Locke's work was not isolated and revolutionary, but "a restatement of the fundamental traditions of the political civilization of the Middle Ages". The absolute monarchies of the 17th and 18th centuries were but a "superficial, abnormal, and short-lived" interruption of the continuity, but they were overpowered by the normal political principles which found expression in the English, American, and French revolutions. There are many striking sentences in Dr. Carlyle's survey, the motto—or should we say "slogan"?—of which may be Mentor's words in Fénelon's *Télémaque*:

> [The King] has all power over the people but the laws have all power over him. He has an absolute power to do good, but his hands are tied when he wishes to do evil.

Allowing for the fact that a bibliography is very expensive to set up, and for the exchange, yet we cannot but think that 45s. 6d. is a lot to ask for the bibliography of Jonathan Edwards, which Mr. T. H. Jones has prepared (Princeton and Oxford Presses). For xiv + 136 pp. this works out at almost 4d. a page! In keeping down the price of books cultural America can find a handy way of helping British scholars in war-time. Jonathan Edwards was one of the outstanding figures in 18th century America, and a scientific bibliography is welcome. So far as we have tested it, Mr. Johnson seems to have done his work well. It is of interest to note that even in the present century some of Edwards's writings have been reprinted.

Cusa (Cong. Union of South Africa, 2s. 6d.) is "The Story of the Churches of the Congregational Union of South Africa", written by one of its most devoted servants, the Rev. G. P. Ferguson. The story begins with the work of van der Kemp and John Philip, about whom controversy has not yet ceased, and goes on to the formation of the Evangelical Voluntary Union in 1860 and of the Congregational Union in 1877. Cape Town

and Natal joined the Union in 1883 and 1900 respectively. Part II of the book contains histories of the individual churches. The whole will be found a handy book of reference, though there are signs that it must be used with care.

Redland Park has been fortunate in its chronicler, and Mr. W. Edwards's *Redland Park Church, Bristol* (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.) is a competently written "Chapter in Congregational History". The church has had a notable succession of ministers and an exceptionally gifted body of laymen and women, and it has made a contribution to the life of the city and the denomination of which its members have reason to be proud. The pictures of Redland Park today are a sad sight. Previously damaged and repaired, it was destroyed by enemy action last December, and the congregation is now worshipping in the Trinity Methodist Church.

Mr. Victor Gollancz's *Russia and Ourselves* (Gollancz, 2s. 6d.) is written for Socialists in the hope that the present *rapprochement* between Britain and Russia may lead to a more permanent understanding. Some of his suggestions for immediate action have been anticipated; others, such as the co-ordination of propaganda, are no doubt under consideration. Meanwhile, the need is for those he addresses to "recreate the spirit of Socialism". The Appendix closes the controversy which Mr. Gollancz has been carrying on with the bewildered leaders of British Communism since the outbreak of war.

A dozen contributors are responsible for *Confirming the Facts* (Temperance Collegiate Assoc., 1s. 6d.), "A Manual of Scientific Temperance Teaching for the use of Teachers and Students" to which Sir George Newman writes a Foreword. A chapter on Public Speaking adds to the value of a handbook which should be found of great service.

Although we cannot quite share Miss M. C. Bradbrook's view that Yeats and Conrad are "majestic" and "among the greatest writers of their time" —it is a long time since we were tempted to re-read a Conrad—we appreciate and commend her careful study of "Poland's English Genius", *Joseph Conrad* (Cambridge Press, 3s. 6d.).

A Batsford book rarely fails, and as the evenings draw in many will find delight in Mr. F. A. Walbank's *The English Scene in the Work of Prose Writers since 1700* (12s. 6d.), which Sir John Squire introduces. The extracts are arranged under The Manor, The Village, Farm and Factory, The Landscape, The Field, The Road, and Relics and Rituals; we have Smollett and Fielding, Charles Lamb and Samuel Johnson, Cobbett and Dickens, Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë, and moderns like Mary Webb, Hugh Walpole, and J. B. Priestley thrown in. The selections have been skilfully made, though there is a passage of George Gissing's on blackberries we could have wished to see.

Only a very occasional nugget will reward the labourer as he perspires his way through *A New Anthology of Modern Verse, 1920-1940* (Methuen, 6s.). The selection has been made by C. Day Lewis and L. A. G. Strong, who occupy twelve pages of dialogue without explaining very much, and without giving us even the dates of their poets. Laurence Binyon and Walter de la Mare, Robert Bridges and W. B. Yeats, even W. H. Auden and T. S. Eliot, may be generally known, but to many readers of the anthology other names will be names only. Our readers are aware of our opinion of much modern poetry. One of the troubles is that many of the moderns are so lazy; even to find a decent rhyme is too much trouble, and if the right words do not come, well, just repeat the old ones. Here is Mr. Auden, supposed to be one of the best of them:

O haven't they stopped for the doctor's care;
Haven't they reined their horses, their horses?
Why, they are none of them wounded, dear,
None of these forces.

And is this poetry?:

It is this which recovers
My guts the strings of my eyes, and the indigestible portions
Which the leopards reject. The Lady is withdrawn
In a white gown, to contemplation, in a white gown.

The "New Hogarth Library" (Hogarth Press, 2s. 6d.) consists of volumes of selections from modern poets. Vol. III contains translations from R. M. Rilke by Mr. J. B. Leishman; they read well, and those who desire an introduction to Rilke, about whom Dr. W. G. Moore wrote in our last issue, could not do better than start here if they cannot read German. In the same series we have Miss V. Sackville-West's *Selected Poems*, and pleasant indeed they are. No one could accuse Miss Sackville-West of laziness; time and again we are struck by the way in which words have been matched to thought. We shall keep this little volume and often turn to it.

What a pity that Miss E. M. Delafield does not stick to the jobs she can do so well—the analysis of her own sex, the painting of period pieces, and the like! There are excellent examples of these in *No One Now Will Know* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), which, though it improves as it goes along, is no great story. And how Miss Delafield's irony has played about women whose talk wandered into fields of which they knew nothing. We would draw her attention to a writer on cricket who talks (twice) about cutting balls to leg, and about batsmen who "pile up" a score of—12, fling their bats at the crease, and one particular star who played "a bold game, stepping out to meet every ball, hitting them fair and square". *Every* ball, be it noted.

Boys will love Mr. Bernard Martin's *The Pagoda Plot* (Nelson, 3s.); rarely can so many adventures have been crowded into 48 hours, even in Burma.

EDITOR.

The Things That Matter (Longmans, 5s.) is the title of a series of essays by a Roman Catholic priest, Fr. Aloysius Roche. They deal with a number of topics, some touching the centre and others the circumference of the Christian life, and they are much influenced by the sense of urgency caused by the war. The following quotation is typical and may be taken to suggest the spirit of the whole book:

> Our life will be rich and grand in proportion to the richness and grandeur of our minds and hearts. Life is an inside business mostly, is lived chiefly within ourselves. If the inner part of ourselves is empty, life will be empty. People fancy that they are living at a great pace because they are moving about at a great rate. But it is the liveliness of the soul that gives the pace to life, rather than physical movement and legs and skirts vanishing round corners.

The book is a good illustration of the fact that Christianity is a far bigger and greater thing than the Churches or the Creeds suggest—a fact which is pretty generally recognized but seldom manifested as clearly as it is in this book of essays. Even the most convinced Protestant will find in them much that is as helpful as it is true.

In *The Upper Room* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) the Rev. R. A. Edwards gives us a detailed study of the Person and Work of Jesus Christ, taking as his starting-point the teaching in the upper room, mainly as given in the

Fourth Gospel and with a special eye to its Jewish background. He is thoroughly convinced of the fact that Christianity is an historical religion and of the need that there is to stress its historic character. He believes that

> it is urgently important occasionally to look back across the centuries to the day when Christianity began, to escape for a moment from the tangled skein of later years, and to ask what these things, this Incarnation, this Atonement, this Holy Communion, this Kingdom of God, meant to those who were alive when it was all happening for the first time.

This course Mr. Edwards pursues, not unsuccessfully, though some of his efforts to modernize the story rather jar on the reader. On the whole, however, his treatment of the big subjects with which he deals is fresh and unusual, and there is no doubt that many, especially those who share his presuppositions, will find the book both useful and stimulating.

Mr. R. C. Oldfield's *The Psychology of the Interview* (Methuen, 5s.) is a very technical discussion of a growingly important subject. It claims to be the first really scientific study of the art of the interview, and is recommended as a guide to all those, employers or others, who have to assess personality by means of the interview. Many of them will, no doubt, be grateful for the kind of help which Mr. Oldfield gives, and so far as it goes the work could hardly be done better. The author would probably agree, however, that the main qualifications for an interviewer are knowledge of human nature, tact, gumption, and sympathy. If these qualifications are absent in the interviewer, it is very doubtful whether any psychological study of the subject will produce them, though it may save him from some of the worst mistakes. Here, again, Mr. Oldfield's book should prove helpful. W. B. SELBIE.

In *The Kingdom of God* (Christian Literature Society for India, 8 As.) the Rev. H. V. Martin of the L.M.S., Anantapur, gives a careful and concise account of the meaning of the Kingdom of God. An opening chapter speaks briefly of the Kingdom of God in the History of Christian Thought. There follows a summary of the teaching of the Bible and of the place of this concept in Christian Doctrine. A final chapter speaks of the Kingdom of God in the Modern World. Mr. Martin expresses his indebtedness not only to Barth, Brunner, and Bultmann, but to Dodd, Otto, and Niebuhr. Like some other Barthians, Mr. Martin makes the task of his simpler readers more difficult by the use of technical terms, but, apart from this, his book is as lucid as it is scholarly. Many in this country also would find of much use this succinct account of that truer conception of the Kingdom and the Church which differs much from that of many who, priding themselves on being up to date, are the victims of an interpretation of the Kingdom which once seemed "modern" but which now is known not to be that of the New Testament. SYDNEY CAVE.

Dr. Norman Leys's latest work, *The Colour Bar in East Africa* (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.), is both interesting and informative, though the reader is sometimes irritated by unfortunate phrasing, such as "live differently from how many tribes live". Dr. Leys writes in the same liberal spirit as Professor Hoernlé, whose volume on South Africa was reviewed in the last issue. His own words best describe the light in which his book is written:

> This illustrated outline of British East African affairs differs from other books on the subject by being based on the belief that one day ordinary Africans will be sovereign, that therefore what matter most

are the forces that are forming their minds and habits, and that the one thing our country must decide is whether to help them on or to continue to hold them back.

Dr. Leys deals with many aspects of the Colour Bar—political, economic, and social—paying special attention to the questions of land, taxation, and education. He does not minimize the difficulties that have prevented, and still prevent, just dealing in East Africa. He holds that reform will have to come at the instigation of the British electorate, and that the decisive step will have to be a single comprehensive measure by Parliament. The electorate will have to be informed of the true state of affairs in East Africa, and it is on those who possess the necessary knowledge but have failed to pass it on that Dr. Leys lays a large share of the blame for wrongs not righted. It would be easier to follow the text had Dr. Leys provided us with some maps, and an index would be an advantage.

The Rev. R. H. W. Shepherd is able to write with first-hand knowledge in *Lovedale, South Africa, 1841–1941* (Lovedale and Livingstone Presses, 10s. 6d.). In his Introduction the Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr says: "the book is very much more than a tribute of pious devotion to a great educational institution—it is, first and foremost, a contribution to our South African historical and educational literature". The book will be of value to the student, though the matter is sometimes involved, and the chapters are too long despite their sub-headings. It would be useful to have more political references in the Chronological Table, and to have these in a bolder type.

In his note at the head of Appendix II Mr. Shepherd refers to a "volume intended for the general reader". It seems unlikely that the general reader will peruse the book in its present form. The history of Lovedale recounts a great achievement, and should make fascinating reading. It is to be hoped that Mr. Shepherd, or another, will give us the story shorn of its more burdensome details, but containing many of the illustrations in the volume under review.

MARGARET PEEL.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review (July). The outstanding contribution is the Australian Prime Minister's "The English Character". There are appreciations of Lord Stamp, Sir J. G. Frazer, and Rendel Harris, and an article by Dr. Garvie on "The Resurrection and Pentecost".

The Hibbert Journal (July). Dr. Julian S. Huxley's "The Growth of a Group-Mind in Britain under the Influence of War" deservedly has first place. Dr. Mellone surveys recent philosophical and theological literature, and other interesting articles are Prof. Ernest de Selincourt's "George Herbert" and Mr. Lewis Spence's "Survivals of Cult Practice at British Stone Monuments".

The Baptist Quarterly (July). Mr. B. R. Wheeler writes on "Forty Years in Furnival St.", the Rev. F. C. Spurr on "Memories of Dr. Weymouth", the Rev. H. Ingli James on "The Free Churches and the State", and the Rev. R. L. Child on "Baptists and the Reunion Movement".

The Layman (July). The Rev. E. A. Payne writes on "The Prayer Call of 1784". Can there be a misprint in the name of the writer on "The Unity of the Church"? It appears twice as "Bart" but initials and subject matter suggest it should be "Burt".

The Modern Churchman (June, July). Dr. Nicholas M. Butler's "The Place of Religion in American Education" is all the more important when read with Sir Francis Fremantle's "Parliament and Christian Education". The Editorial "Signs of the Times" are well worth noting.

The Expository Times (July-Sept.). Among the articles are Dr. C. J. Cadoux's "The Use of Hyperbole in Scripture", Dr. Garvie's "Individual Conscience and Social Obligation", and the Rev. E. Shillito's "The Gospel according to *Lk.* 14[7-33]. Dr. A. Dakin's "Calvin's Age and Ourselves" is well worth reading. In the September issue Dr. Micklem writes on "The Doctrine of Providence".

The Friends' Quarterly Examiner (Seventh Month). The best issue for years, with Mr. R. L. Hine's appreciation of T. B. Blow outstanding. Then we have Dr. H. G. Wood's useful "Pacifism and Politics", Prof. J. W. Harvey's "The Assay of Conscience", Mr. T. E. Harvey's "Christian Citizenship in the Crisis of War", Miss M. Whitcomb Hess's "Isaac Penington", and Mr. Arthur Rowntree's reminiscences.

Religion in Education (July). From different points of view Canon Hodgson, Dr. W. F. Lofthouse, and the Headmaster of Tonbridge discuss the teaching of religion.

The Evangelical Quarterly (April—a belated arrival). Dr. R. J. Drummond opens with "Who Wrote the Gospels?" (conservative), Dr. C. Van Til discusses "Philosophic Foundations", the Rev. T. F. Torrance writes on "Predestination in Christ", and Dr. S. W. Carruthers has a tercentenary sermon on the meeting of the Long Parliament. In the July issue the most interesting articles are the Rev. J. Warren's "Prayer for the Dead" and the Rev. J. H. J. Barker's "Some Climatological Factors and their Relation to the Bible".

The International Review of Missions (July). Another useful issue, with an excellent review section, in which Dr. J. S. Whale and the Rev. Norman Goodall lend a hand. Another Congregational contributor is the Rev. H. V. Martin; readers of his recent article in our pages will perhaps not be surprised that in "Sacramental Symbolism in the Younger Churches" he argues that S. Indian Christians must have a building, that it should be where a shrine or temple stood and used for nothing but worship, with sacramental symbolism used to the largest possible extent, and many processions and dramas. A Jewish point of view of the relations between Judaism and Christianity is contributed by Herr Hans Kosmala, and Dr. E. W. Smith has an important paper on "Association and Assimilation in the Christian Mission". A medical man writes on poverty in Johannesburg.

World Dominion (July-August). Bishop Houghton of Rangoon tells of being torpedoed at sea, Canon F. R. Barry and Sir Francis Fremantle write on "War Aims and Religious Education", and Dr. H. H. Farmer on "The Mission of the Holy Catholic Church". Congregational contributors are the Rev. H. F. Wickings ("Elder Tao—The Autocrat"), the Rev. L. M. Williams ("Twilight of the Gods"), and the Rev. A. M. Chirgwin ("Winning a Nomad People").

The Harvard Theological Review (July) is almost entirely occupied by Dr. A. S. Pease's sketch of the use of the teleological argument, "Caeli Enarrant" and Miss M. F. Boynton's "Simon Alcott on Expanding the Sermon" (the Latin tractate is printed *in extenso*).

Religion in Life (Summer No.). This review puts all British religious quarterlies into the shade, so far as its articles are concerned; the book section is in danger of becoming a mutual admiration society. The Archbishop of York writes on "The Hope of a New World", the Rev. P. G. Russo has an informing study of "The Conscientious Objector in American Law", and Mr. Troy Organ discusses "The Fascination of the Terrible". These contributions are far above the average; others deal with the N.T., the translation and transmission of the Bible, Central Europe, missions in China, and recent novels.

Anglican Theological Review (July). Dr. Adolf Keller's "The Faith of the Church in Germany" should be read, and also Dr. C. C. Richardson's "What is Confirmation?"

The Review and Expositor (July). Amidst articles about Seminaries and Baptists comes surprisingly Dr. F. J. Mallett's "Sydney Smith, Prince of Clerical Wits".

Theological Studies (May). Protestants would do well to see this live and learned publication of the American Jesuits. This issue contains three long articles—"The Chronology from Mary's Betrothal to the Birth of Christ", "Social Action in the Early Church, 30-180", and "The Indissolubility of Christian Marriage". The nature of the obituary article on Loisy may be guessed, and Jesuit casuistry is illustrated by the letter "On Cheating in Examinations", from which it appears that the heinousness of the sin depends on the nature of the examination.

In Extremis (1941). No. 1 contains an address by Dr. Visser 't Hooft entitled *Dire,* in which the contemporary *inflation de la parole* is contrasted with the Word of God, a study of the relations between *Heilige Schrift u. Glaubensbekenntnis* by Prof. O. Cullmann, of Basel, and a protest by Prof. R. Liechtenhan, also of Basel, against the editor's debunking of the piety of recent generations. In No. 2 Pfarrer M. Stotzer of Bern discusses the relations between *Vernunft u. Glaube,* and Dr. K. Barth presents an *Explication du catéchisme de Calvin.*